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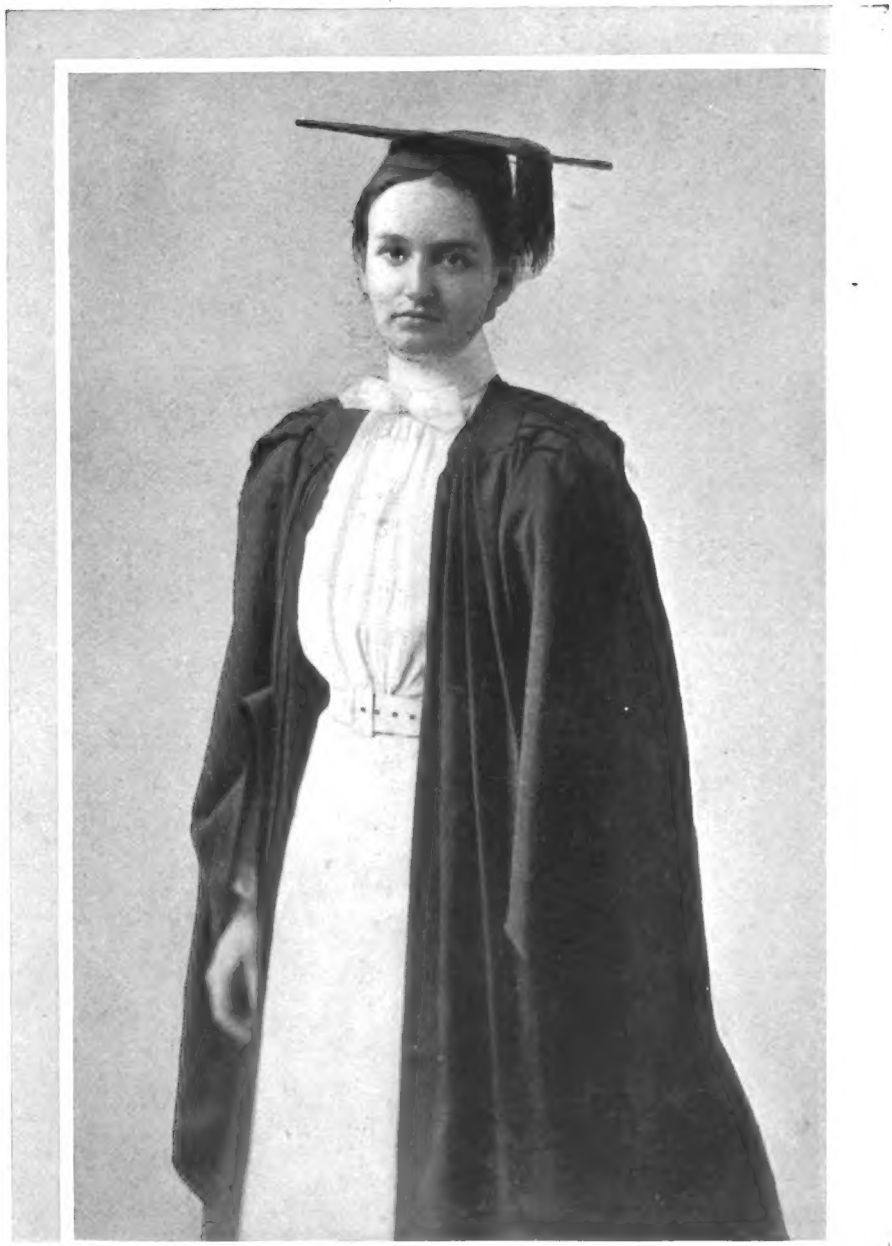

MISS LILLIAN PETTENGILL.

The graduate of Mount Holyoke College who went out to service.

See "Toilers of the Home."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII. MARCH, 1903. NO. 3.

THE ELEPHANT CATCHERS,

BY STÉPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN.

Illustrated from Stereoscopic Photographs taken on the spot and

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THERE are strange smells in the jungle, of many men and captive elephants. The black khalege pheasants and the porcupines have eyed them from evergreen thickets along the river bank where they have camped. The black gibbons, climbing cautiously from tree to tree, have peered down at their tents and sniffed at their cooking. All the tangled Chittagong jungle, from the Bhangamoora hills northward to this stream —the Chengree—has smelled them or heard them or seen them. For their trail is from the Bengal Bay in the south to this water; beyond it they have not gone. But beyond, in the forest's heart, lies the game for which they have travelled far: wild elephants. Tomorrow, then, rested from the weariness of their journey, they will go on until they find the beasts. Then they will set about their capture with all the craft and system of the Bengal Elephant Catching Service, of which they are an arm reaching up from Dacca City two hundred difficult miles to this savage wilderness.

Now, though, of a sudden it is twilight; all the dimming sky to the west, over the silhouetted treetops, is mauve and rose. Three hundred brown beaters from the Chittagong and half a hundred trained elephant men—Bengalese from Dacca—are cooking their evening meal. Up from the river, through the groups about their red fires, move the captive elephants, twoscore great, docile beasts, the white-turbanned mahouts behind their ragged ears. In the dusk they loom tremendous, glistening, from their evening bath, as they pass the dancing flames. Silently they pace to their picket lines, where the heaped howdahs and packs rise mountainously. Their drivers' urging voices float out from deepening shadows at the forest's edge: "Akbar! Maharaj' Maharajah! Bahadar! maîl! maîl!"

It is growing chilly, for it is December—elephant season. The stirring night breeze lifts the odor of unclean tobacco and cooking dall from many kettles along the banks, where every red flame flickers on strange dark faces and turbans and shining torsos. On the least malarious hillock there are tents luminous-walled. The Sahibs are there—clever men whose trade is snaring wild elephants, a herd at a time. Petersen Sahib is there—the man who made elephant catching an art in India.

Outside the tent flaps sit the dozen fierce, bearded, Mohammedan riflemen in gigantic turbans and curled-up shoes, smoking water pipes through grimy funnels of cloth.

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A HERD OF ONE HUNDRED ELEPHANTS IN THE JUNGLE.

"Somewhere in the black forest the game lies, colossal, majestic, dim among tall trees, like part of a primeval scene half the shadow of imagination."

Among the tent ropes are the Bengal body servants, guarding tin clothes-boxes, gun cases, string beads, blankets. When they would have put them to rights the great Petersen Sahib drove them out, that he and his English aide, Dennis Sahib, might talk with Nur Ali, the Mohammedan Jemadar —the overseer. Nur Ali travelled ahead of the elephants to-day; Nur Ali has been across the river and in the jungle beyond with the trackers. Perhaps he has seen the wild herd there. "*Ohé*, Immam Baksh! Cease cooking; the Sahibs will have no thought of ducks and curry till the jackals go to bed."

Inside, Nur Ali, tall, brown, all beard and turban and white-looped robes, tells his tale. Sitting on charpoys the Englishmen listen. In a corner squats the master tracker—keen, frowsy little man, who can weave strange stories from wet leaves and bent twigs.

Nur Ali says, in Urdu: "We have found the wild herd in the forest but three miles hence. Bear witness, tracker. A lordly herd, as the trackers said days ago, Sahibs. Fifty and one in all—twenty-five he elephants, of which seven are tuskers and koomeriahs—kings of tuskers—and eighteen mucknas, without tusks, and meergas, third-raters. Twenty-four she elephants there are, also, and but two calves. The herd does not wander far, and good men watch. To-morrow, in truth, the game may begin, Allah willing—saving the Sahib's presence.

"Concerning the men under me—two Chittagong beaters slipped away on the day's march, deserting with their packs. Shall men chase them? Good. Afzal Khan, who was sick with the dysentery, died riverward at sunset. Also, certain Joomas, wild hillmen of the Chuckna tribes, came into camp but now with gourds of Jooma drink as offerings. Some Chittagong beaters would have got drunk, and were beaten. The drink was saved for the pack elephants, being like arrack, as the Sahibs know. The elephant Jairam has a fresh rope gall and the mahout should be fined——"

He drones on and presently Petersen

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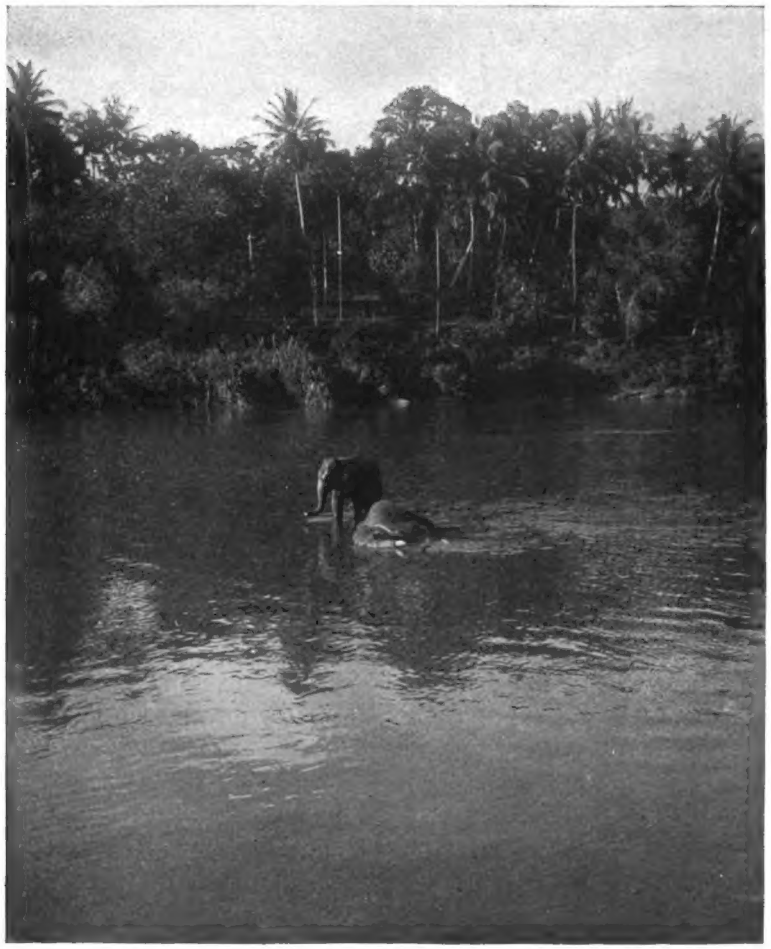
Sahib talks, and they plan turn about, these four who are the brain of this arm from Dacca. Along the river the fires are dying; elephants and men sleep. Beyond the river, somewhere in the black forest, the game lies, colossal, majestic, dim among tall trees, like part of a primeval scene half the shadow of imagination. In the ghostly thickets about them are phantoms



THE BATHERS.

of lithe, turbanned trackers, melting into matted ambush at the lifting of one great ear, now here, now where?

. . . . . .

When the world was made, dusty elephant herds came, at Winter, to the Chittagong jungles. Men always coveted their strength—at first, Orientally, for sport and show; finally, Occidentally, for use. Ancient, brown-faced kings of Hind took them by maiming pitfalls or from safety shot them to death for the wicked joy of killing such vast creatures. Those who survived their bungling snares they trained to match against tigers in their castle moats, to bear their state howdahs, to crush their enemies' heads. When the English came, looking with Western eyes at the great, powerful, docile beasts, they found further use than that for them. They were good to bear their army's guns and stores in places where men could never take them. They were useful where there was need of any great labor in almost inaccessible places, for the army, for the Civil Government, for private contractors. All the centuries before, they had gone to waste—patient, strong, breath-

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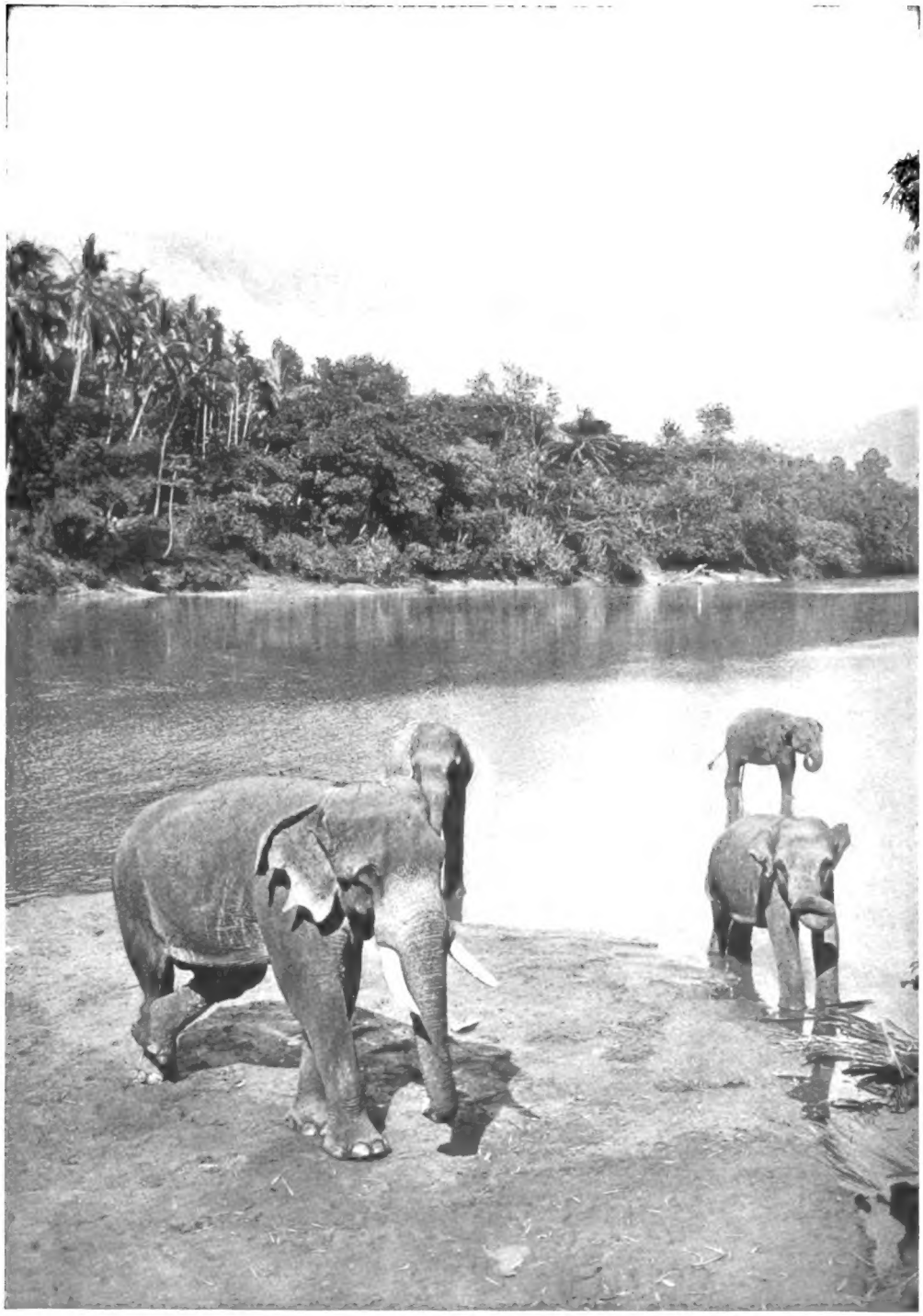

AN ELEPHANT SIESTA AT HOME.

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ing machinery travelling fifteen miles a day in hilly, swampy or sound country, carrying half a ton marching weight or a ton for a little distance, and going at a score of different-looking tasks, when taught, with almost human discrimination.

The Indian Government made an Elephant Department that grew with the years. Men were paid well to study the ways of elephants—the best methods of taking them and keeping them. India was dotted with depots for training them—headquarters for men like Petersen Sahib. This man, the first great elephant catcher, reduced the process of their capture to a science, taking not one or two but fifty at a coup —a herd complete, like the herd sleeping with easy minds beyond the camp on the Chengree.

. . . . . .

At sunrise the camp wakes noisily. In the early mist downstream the pack elephants smash through the scrub, collecting the fodder for the day—five hundred pounds for each. The voices of their mahouts rise together with the hoarse scream of a hidden peacock. "*Tull!*" they say to their charges, "*tull, tull!*" The big beasts, raising green sheaves of grass with their trunks, pile them on their backs. Presently they are driven back to the breakfasting camp, great moving mounds of green.

Petersen gives short time for eating when the game is marked. The mist is not gone, nor the cloying night-smell of wet marigolds, before he clambers to his howdah and leads his people across the yellow stream and into the forest beyond. "Allah! Allah!" mutter the mahouts, invoking luck, but cautiously, for the order is silence. Even the garrulous coolie ranks are still. The rear guard of Mohammedan riflemen tramps like a sullen clump of warriors to a surprise.

They have not travelled far into the forest when the van elephant stops with raised trunk. The long line shuffles to a halt. There is a little, naked creature gliding from between the trees ahead, grinning and ducking servilely before Petersen's howdah. Dennis, Nur Ali, the master-tracker hurry up, as the little man points with extravagant simian gesture. The wild herd is not a mile ahead.

Petersen swings to the ground. The watchful mahouts make their mounts kneel and the always weary coolie column sinks into the grass. Men and beasts form a sun-splashed picture like a bit out of the Arabian Nights or the Bible: a caravan resting in the forest; a treasure train; anything of the past sufficiently bizarre and wonderful. They rest for a moment only, while the leaders talk, and the Bengalese,

THE STOCKADE WITH THE GOVERNOR'S STAND IN THE DISTANCE.

trotting back, prod the beaters to their feet and number them off into twin dingy herds, one under Dennis and Nur Ali and one under Petersen and his head tracker. The war against the wild herd begins in earnest now.

Baldly, this is the way these men will work:

The Chittagong beaters must surround the herd stealthily, each of the two parties making a wide, semi-circular detour, dropping two men every fifty feet. When the divisions meet beyond the game, there will be a ring, round about, of coolies posted within shouting distance of each other. It is the duty of this ring to hem the herd in for days by gunfire, and gong-beating and flames at night. Meanwhile, a great log stockade is to be built. Then the wild herd is to be driven into it, with how much craft and chance of failure only an elephant catcher knows. Once in, the game is won.

But now the game is only begun. Petersen has swung his detour party westward into the jungle, the trackers crawling along in the lead, himself following the coolie column. Behind him the tall turban of Nur Ali and Dennis' sun-hat are flitting out of sight in the opposite direction.

The kneeling elephants are hardly beyond

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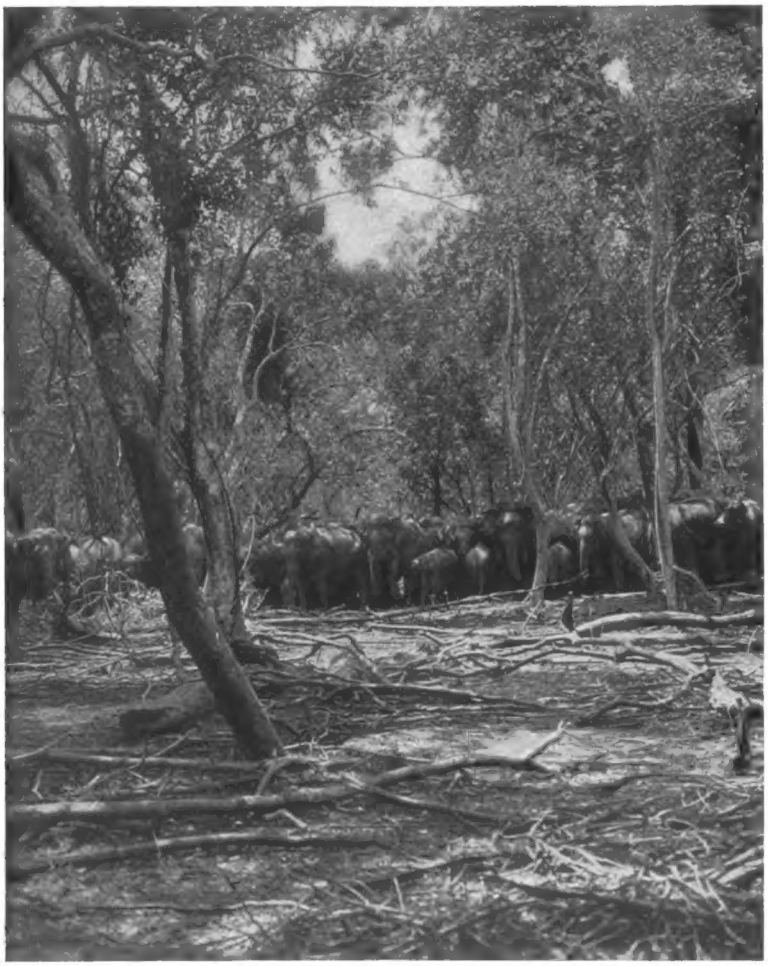
eyeshot when Petersen taps the two last coolies with his bamboo stick. At once they drop back and sink into the jungle grass. Fifty yards farther on two more fall out, the march never slackening. They are the first posts of the circle that is to be made about the herd.

Such isolated clumps of men in the dense forest would seem alarmingly futile to the outsider. As they are left behind the beaters are lost to sight almost at once. But as they drop back these men run up a thin fence of wattled bamboo all along their line. By the time the two parties have met there will be a flimsy in-curving barrier all about the circle. To be sure, a half-grown elephant could drive through this, as a man could break through a paper screen, yet just now the wattle is as effective as a log stockade. For this reason:

If the herd wanders toward this barrier at any point it will be met by the startling din of gongs and firearms and howlings, rising from behind the unnatural, traplike wattle. Because elephants are the most suspicious, nearly superstitious of animals, they will draw back. They will not understand the strange things that have come into their jungle, and will be afraid—a ring of fear holding them safely when a realization of their strength might free them at one wild rush.



A HERD OF ONE HUNDRED ELEPHANTS INSIDE THE STOCKADE.

"A moving mass in a far-off clearing."

The exceptions to the rule of brute superstition furnish that bare chance that Petersen

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fears and always watches for. He does not forget how a valiant tusker proved the weakness of the beaters' line and led his herd crashing away to freedom. Or how the herd of seventy balked at the very gate of the keddah—the great stockade—though gate and keddah were artfully masked by green. That herd tore away through beaters and all, killing many and costing the service much money. These are thrilling exceptions, rare enough, but breeding watchfulness. There is always danger enough.

Hot and tired, the column pushes under low branches and looped creepers, leaping boulders and rotting tree-trunks, passing round tall cane thickets, gorgeous with waxen berries. Everywhere the heavy jungle presses in, opening reluctantly ahead for the slim column—closing quickly behind it. Birds flap up from thorn bush. Unseen animals make little, stealthy noises of retreat. Somewhere on Petersen's right hand the game should be, but there is no sound or sight of it. The sun does not cast shadows in these thick forests; only by his compass can he tell that the depleted column has twined from west to northeast. The trackers, slipping along ahead, never err.

Suddenly the handful of beaters still in line chatter with satisfaction. Ahead, under trees to the right, squat a little clump of Bengalese. Nur Ali and Dennis are there and the circle is complete.

Together they turn back now, as noisily as they like, smoking happily. Skirting the beaters' posts, with their little fence of green bamboo and twigs running from tree to tree, and their guards on watch, puffing at their odorous chillums, they come at length to the elephants again. Dennis and Nur Ali have caught a glimpse of the wild herd—a bare glimpse, beyond many trees, of a moving mass in a far-off clearing.

At sundown the camp rests and Petersen plans with his lieutenants for the building of the keddah—the great log stockade into which the herd is finally to be driven. The Dacca men bring out many ropes and axes and saws and sledges from the packs. The Sahibs look to proper trees, and the master-tracker looks to his undermen. Petersen sends word to the coolie overseers about the circle to draw one man from each post of two, at daybreak, and to send them in for tree-hewing and rope-making. The tents go up, packed forward from the

A LINE OF BEATERS ON THE FOUR-MILE CIRCUIT OF STOCKADE IN THE JUNGLE.

river, for Petersen Sahib sleeps by his work. And in spite of the fever of the game, there is little insomnia in the jungle.

In the growing darkness, through the jungle, fires ring the wild herd—flames fed with bamboo that explodes with the racket and sparks of fireworks. For the beaters know the price they pay if they sleep and the herd slips through. The smoke, rising from wet leaves, drifts among the trees as though the hill folk had started their fall

A CORNER OF THE STOCKADE TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE DRIVE-IN.

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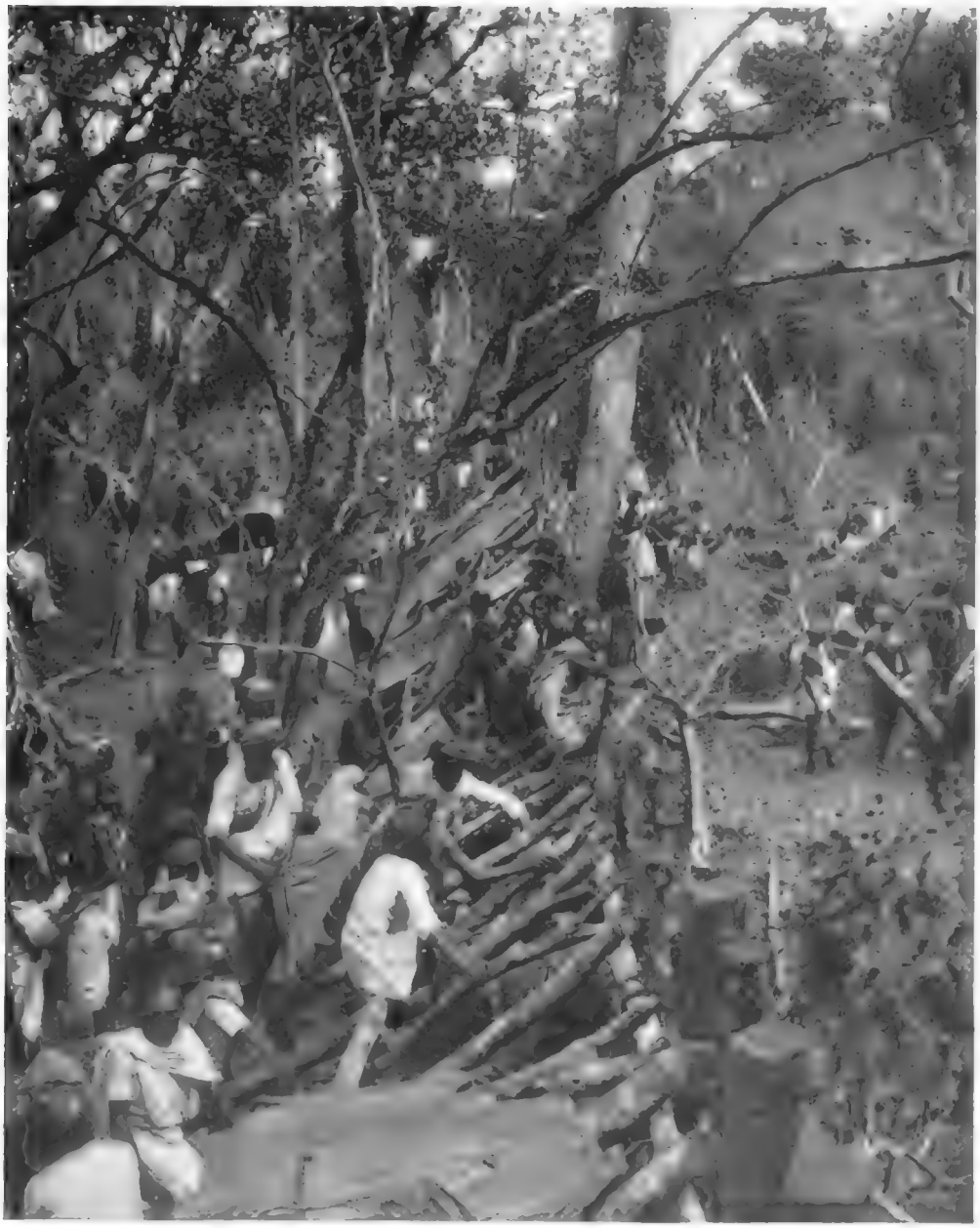
grass-burning. And the wild herd, moving anxiously here and there, shrinks back from a lurid, noisy barrier whose like has never troubled its jungle before.

. . . . . .

For two days they have slaved from sunrise to sunset building the keddah, and at noon on the third day it is done. It stands just inside the southern edge of the beaters' great circle, ready for the herd. It is a ten-foot high stockade of massive, closely planted logs lashed with jungle rope—a ditch within and a bristle of braces without; perhaps there is an acre and a half



JUST AFTER THE DRIVE-IN.

The crowd of spectators swarming along the stockade.

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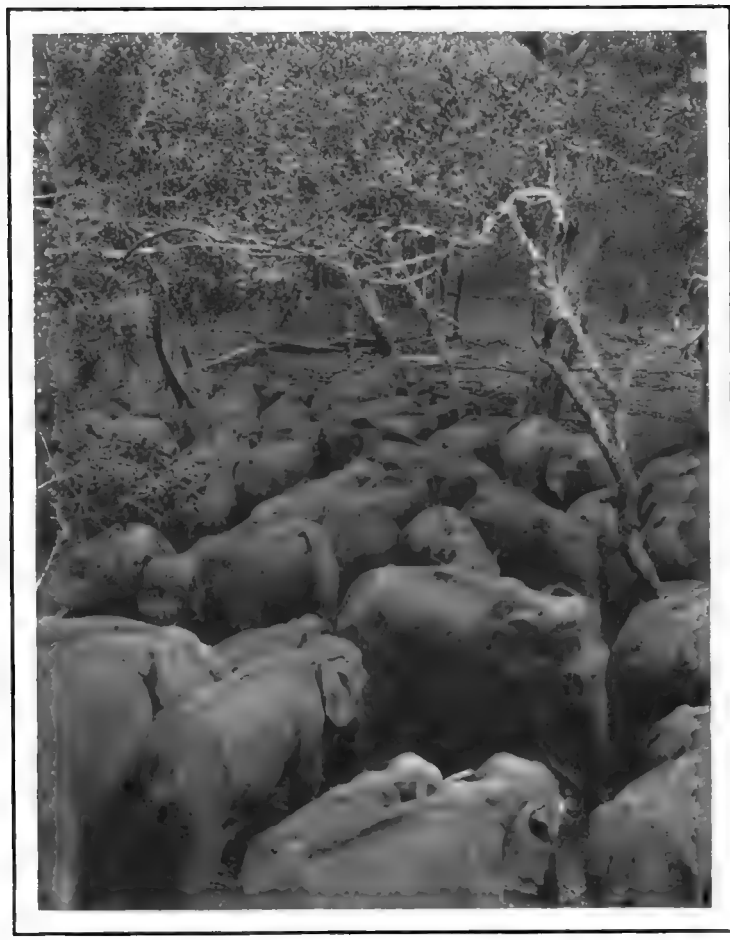

DRIVEN INTO THE STOCKADE.

"A crowding avalanche of great dusty backs and swinging trunks."

(Taken by the photographer from his post twenty feet directly above the elephants.)

of roughly cleared jungle inside, all underbrush and stumps and trees too great to cut. The big gateway, facing north and masked by close foliage, is approached from without by a funnel-like runway of logs, screened with green. Above the gateway the ponderous gate itself, studded inside with spikes, hangs, hidden cleverly amid leaves, ready to drop at an ax-stroke on its cables. From the north, the natural approach to the trap, it is marvellously guileless to the eye; its screens, all skilfully matched to the jungle, seem only a leafy forest wall with one ragged gap.

Two keddah-building days have meant two days and nights of working and worrying. From dusk to dawn the drone of distant beaters has kept the jungle restless. From dawn to dusk the Sahibs and their Jemadars have cursed and kicked their host to great labors. The mahouts and their beasts have toiled hard to please Petersen, dragging and pushing and raising logs and stripping trees of their branches. Now, at the third noon, there is rest for an hour. Then, at the farthest point north of the keddah, the circle will begin to contract and the drive-in will commence.

Petersen, scrubby of face and hollow-eyed, smokes interminable cheroots and sends out trackers, overseers and Bengalese to the beaters' ring, racking his brain to see whether anything has been forgotten. Nur Ali has just tramped half-way round the circle, with horrible threats, no doubt. All seems well done, and yet, as always,

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NOOSED AND TETHERED.

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AFTER THE STAMPEDE.

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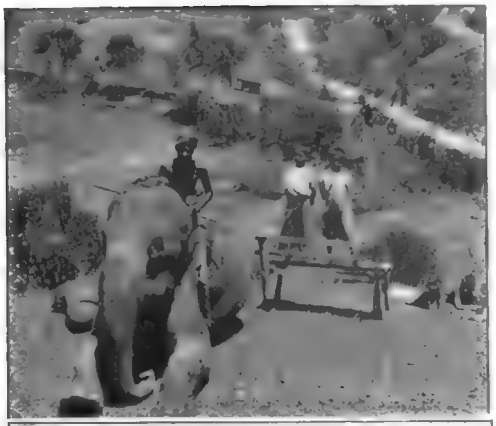
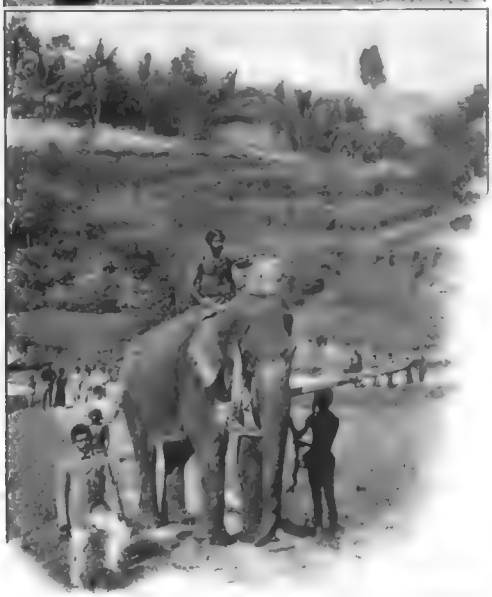


THE ELEPHANT BEGINS

Scenes near Katugastota, Ceylon.



CARRYING HOME THE PLOUGH AFTER A DAY'S WORK.

there is the chance of disaster. This game the elephant catchers play has cost more than $2,000 so far; and the honor of the service and the approval of the department are not altogether sure yet.

"Tap! tap!" It is a rifle somewhere in the distance, on the minute of one. From miles away comes the faint hum of the beaters beginning to move—to drive the wild herd in. The Sahibs and their aides move out to the funnel-like approach to the keddah gate and settle down behind its screens to wait.

Close beside the taut ropes that hold the great gate up Petersen handles the ax that shall cut them when all is ready. The Bengalese with gleaming eyes squat behind,

HOW TO DESPATCH A LUCKLESS HINDU.

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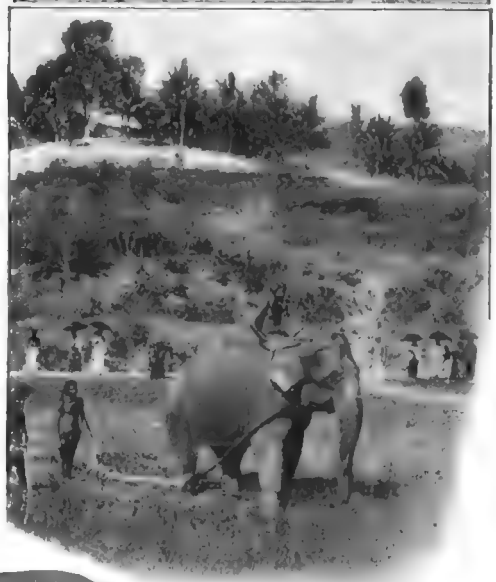


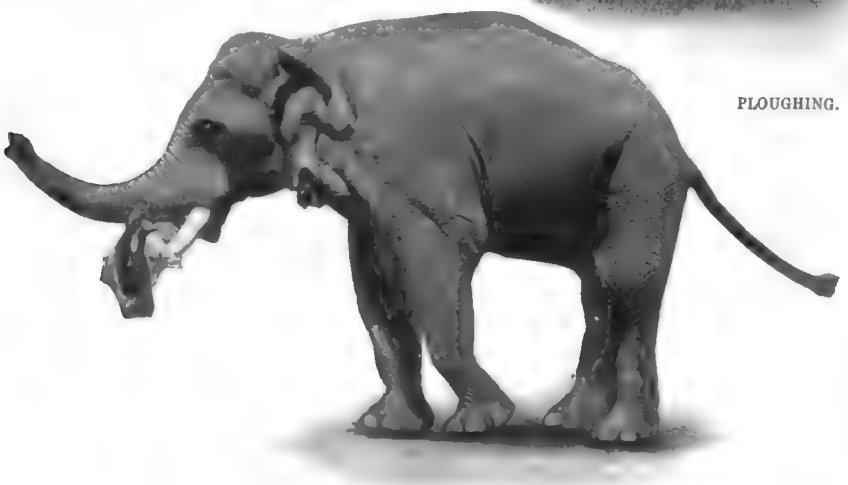
TO STUDY HUMAN NATURE.

Scenes near Katugustota, Ceylon.

shifting restlessly. Northward, beyond the tall posts and ambush of leaves, lies the calm forest, and through its comparative silence trickles the monotonous hum.

It seems like hours—indeed, it is more than one hour—before the humming has changed to a distinguishable uproar—of hoarse and shrill voices; of gongs and rifle shots. As it rises, the waiting men, knowing what the noise drives before it, edge close to the screen. For a tedious time they peer out between the posts at the vacant forest.

Somewhere in the reverberating woods there is a significant, thrilling noise of splintering saplings, of large bodies moving



PLOUGHING.

DANGLING HIS KEEPER.

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ponderously through the underbrush. Now there comes out from the shadow of the trees a great dusty tusker, all unexpectedly in spite of the watching. Lifting his huge ears, rolling his great head uneasily, he hesitates and comes on again. Behind him loom more gigantic shapes, many of them now, crowding and pressing, dun-colored, with here and there the gleam of ivory. A few are striking their trunks on the ground with a noise as of crackling sheet-iron—the sign of fear and apprehension. Behind and on each side of them howls and bangs and clashes the unseen pandemonium, driving them on toward the keddah.

While the hiding hunters hold their breath, the tusker comes slowly down the narrowing stockade funnel toward the gate. Petersen clucks with admiration; he is magnificent, and his unkempt wildness makes him a more wonderful sight than all the harnessed elephants in India. His keen little eyes measure the masked gateway, beyond which the clearing seems to spread without snare, and he is disturbed. But the rest come pushing after him, for the beaters are at their very heels. With a shake of his head the leader moves—how slowly!—under the hidden gate and into the keddah.

MOTHER AND CHILD PASSING ROUND THE STOCKADE.

This is the same elephant as shown on page 204.

The wild herd rumbles through after him, a crowding avalanche of great dusty backs and swinging trunks. Behind them are the smoke of the riflemen and the jumping figures of the beaters. The last beast is through.

Petersen swings the ax high. A snap; a rush overhead; a reverberating crash. The great gate falls and the herd is safe and fast.

At once the jungle resounds with a roar of triumph that shakes the air. Here come the beaters, leaping from the brush by scores, howling, capering and clambering up the supports of the palisade, lining the rim with a half-crazy, clamoring mob. The riflemen are whirling their guns and shooting salvos recklessly. The mahouts are driving their trumpeting beasts forward from hiding. The Bengalese are hugging the sahibs' knees, and Nur Ali, from the top of the gate, shouts down his salaams with extravagant grins. It is a tremendous, riotous success.

The trapped herd realizes its defeat now, and huddles tremblingly to the middle of the keddah. It is badly frightened by the riot and gunpowder smoke about it; before its leader finds his head the elephant catchers must act, and Petersen has already called for the tame elephants. The gate creaks up again and there they come, shuffling into this jungle amphitheatre, itching for combat. Their mahouts yell happily behind their ears; the Bengal noosers, with great loops of cable, cling to their girths, aback. Now the tying up begins.

The attack by the tame beasts is sudden, rough and disconcerting. They have been trained in many a dusty keddah combat and have learned how to conquer unscientific frenzy with system. Working in pairs, they dive at the huddled herd to break it up, to single out solitary victims and hold them while they are being tied.

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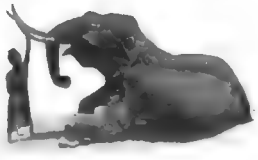
THE FIRST AND LAST LESSONS IN MOUNTING.

Here are two tame elephants that have got one big, terrified beast between them. They shunt him dexterously from his fellows and wedge him against a tree, one on each side of him. The noosers slip down their tails, and while the beasts with blunted tusks jolt the breath out of their captive, the men with trailing ropes dodge bravely among the massive, scuffling feet. While one may write it, loops are about the wild one's hind legs and fast to the tree trunk. At once the trained beasts draw apart, their mahouts dashing dust derisively into the amazed, enraged prisoner's weeping eyes. Leaving him to strain and bellow futilely, the noosers mount; the mahouts drive back into the melée for another.

Petersen has ridden into the ruck on his riding elephant. Nur Ali, afoot, is dodging about with the Bengalese, roaring orders or skipping the shelter coolly at the charge of a wild elephant whose calf he has lassoed. Here and there short-lived duels are fought between the wild and the tame, to the clash of tusks and roars of applause from the palisade. The keddah is full of floating dust, and in the brown mist the great bodies strain and tug dimly. The clamorous work goes on and the herd is fettered, beast by beast, in the heart of its jungle.

When the sun has set, and the last great knot is tied, order comes from chaos with the clearing of the battle-cloud. They are all safe in the keddah, fettered and shamed—jungle kings naked and in bonds before these little folk with the master minds.



The Sahibs gather under the swinging guncases and the lighted lamp in the tent. Smoking, with drowsy satisfaction, they listen to the report of Nur Ali. Nur Ali says:

'The tethered herd in the keddah is in the best shape. The koomeriahs—the king's beasts—have all but stopped fighting against fate already. Because they are kingly beasts they may be taken to the river between the tame ones to bathe. Then men may be set beside them to fan them with palms all day and sing to them, and break them to the presence of men. All of the captives have had sugar cane, as was ordered. In five days, then, when all the elephants shall have worn themselves out, it will be possible, Allah willing, to tie the new ones to ours and start the march back? I, too, think so. Allah be praised for a happy ending—saving the Sahibs' presence."

Nur Ali bows himself out. The Sahibs, too tired to talk, smoke easily and listen to the distant bellowing of some unconsoled captive. Outside, the Bengalese, too, cock their ears. In the vague distance some wild thing howls in the jungle. By and by the light in the tent goes out; the campfires sink to low, red beds of ashes.

All is quiet at last save where, in the shadowy keddah, the dim captives strain and tug and pick pathetically at their bonds.

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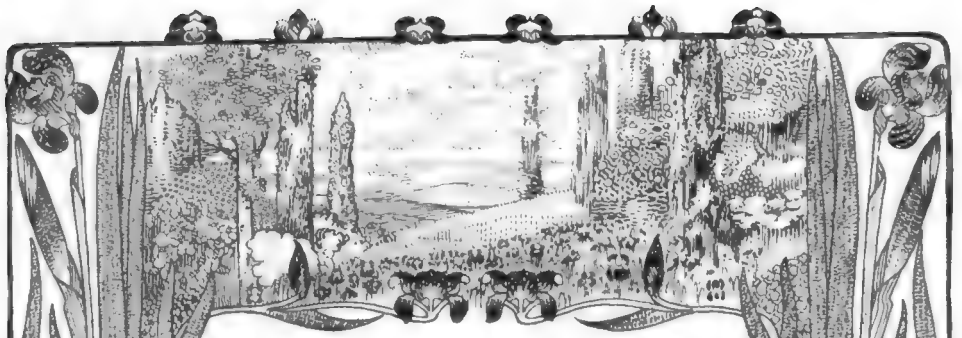

IN AN IRIS MEADOW.

By Bliss Carman.

ONCE I found you in an iris meadow
Down between the seashore and the river,
Playing on a golden willow whistle
You had fashioned from a bough in springtime,—
Piping such a wild, melodious music,
Full of sunshine, sadness and sweet longing,
As the heart of earth must have invented,
When the wind first breathed above her bosom,
And above the sea-rim, silver-lighted,
Pure and glad and innocent and tender,
The first melting planets glowed in splendour.

There it was I loved you as a lover,
Then it was I lost the world forever.
For your slender fingers on the notches
Let free more than that mere earthly cadence,—
Loosed the piercing stops of mortal passion.—
Touched your wood-mate with the spell of wonder,
And the godhead in the man awakened.
Virgin spirit with unsullied senses,
There was earth for him all new-created,
In a moment when the music's rapture
Bade soul take what never thought could capture:

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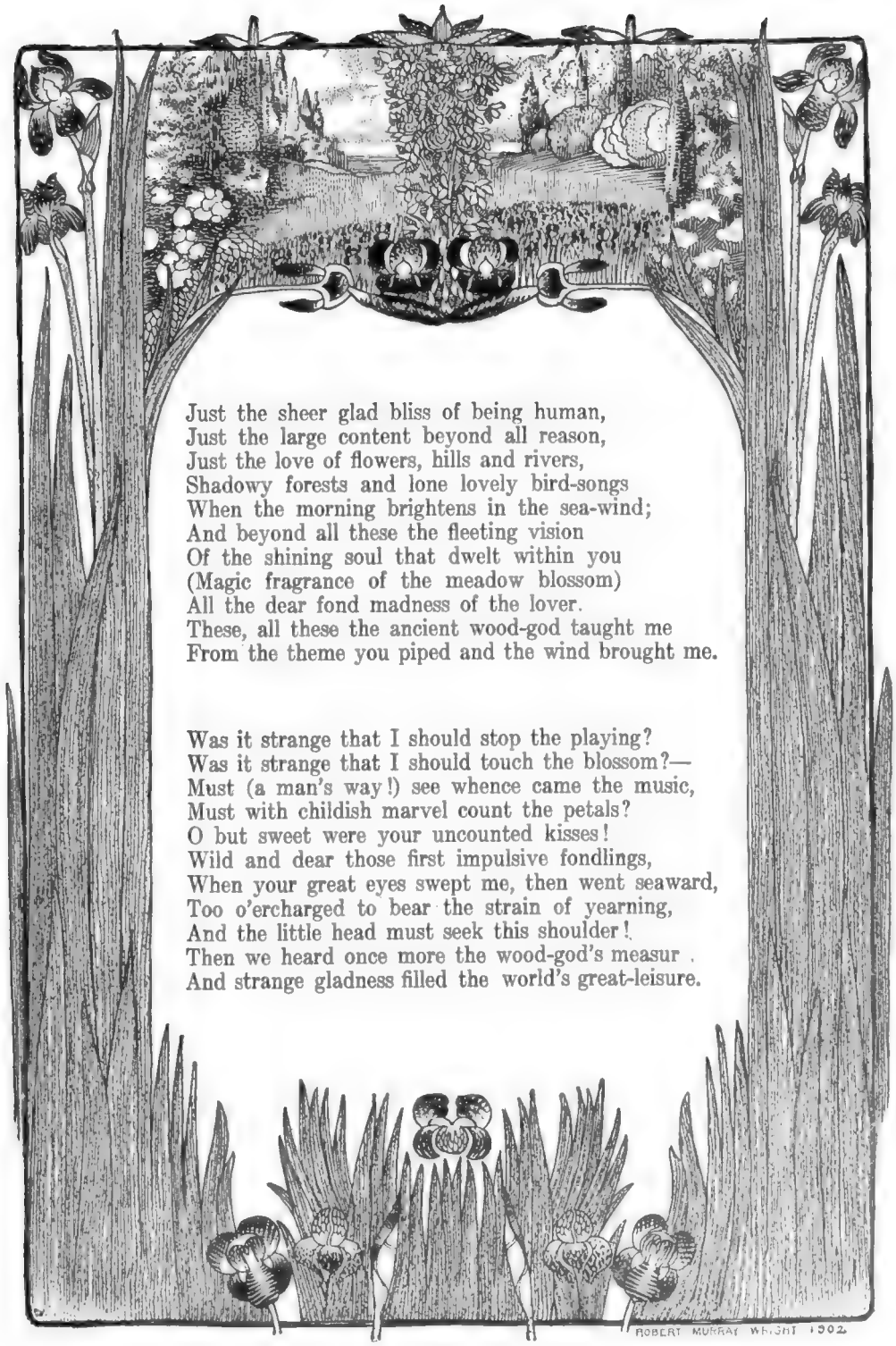

Just the sheer glad bliss of being human,
Just the large content beyond all reason,
Just the love of flowers, hills and rivers,
Shadowy forests and lone lovely bird-songs
When the morning brightens in the sea-wind;
And beyond all these the fleeting vision
Of the shining soul that dwelt within you
(Magic fragrance of the meadow blossom)
All the dear fond madness of the lover.
These, all these the ancient wood-god taught me
From the theme you piped and the wind brought me.

Was it strange that I should stop the playing?
Was it strange that I should touch the blossom?—
Must (a man's way!) see whence came the music,
Must with childish marvel count the petals?
O but sweet were your uncounted kisses!
Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings,
When your great eyes swept me, then went seaward,
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning,
And the little head must seek this shoulder!
Then we heard once more the wood-god's measur .
And strange gladness filled the world's great-leisure.

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Suedoise de pomme.
Double Cascade of Apples.

CONCEITS FROM THE OLD COOK BOOKS.

Suedoise de pomme.
The Little Ancient Ruin.

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

I USED to think, as I believe Horace thought before me, that a healthy appetite means an honest preference for plain fare, and that only the man who is rarely hungry despises "common food." And yet, in the English cookery books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it seems as if the grosser the appetite the more fantastic and curious had to be the device by which to tempt it. As a first essential, food was required not merely to be palatable but to "recreate the sight."

A dinner was expected to please as a spectacle. The old authorities on cookery never ventured to neglect the pageantry of dining. Their books are full of it. Gervase Markham, who published his "English Housewife" in 1631, bade the Master Server set down the dishes "extravagently," and so "give a most comely beauty to the table and very great contentment to the guesst." Giles Rose, whose "Perfect School of Instructions" came out in 1682, reminds the butler that "many have gone further to see a Table neatly covered than they would have done for to have eaten a good meal at the same Table." Often a special section is set apart for "Conceits and Other Secrets" which, the hard-worked woman of the day is warned, are "so needfull for adornation that whosoever is ignorant therein is lame, and but the half part of a Compleat Housewife."

We still think a good deal about the decoration of the table. But to-day, given fine linen, beautiful silver, rare glass and china, a few flowers—and the trick is done. It was another matter, I can assure you, in the seventeenth century, when dinner was a Masque on a small scale, and Ben Jonson's portrait of the Master-Cook was something more than a caricature:

"A master-cook! why he's the man of men
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry ditches, some motes round with broth;
Mounts marrow bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwarks pies; and for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner."

At times the skill of the cook might be concentrated on one design; he might be asked for no more extraordinary display of his powers than "to make an Entremose of a Swan," for example. We should call it extraordinary enough in all conscience; for the swan, roasted whole and gilded, was set upon a bed of paste "coloured green and combed to look like a Meddow full of grass," and then adorned with a loose flying cloak of a kind of vermillion and stuck over with little banners bearing what arms "were judged most convenient or agreeable to the persons that shall be seated at the Table." But it was a trifle compared to the performances that graced a great occasion. The description of the "Triumph" or "Trophy" Robert May proposed for Twelfth Night suggests a Drury Lane pantomime in miniature.

May, the author of "The Accomplisht Cook," which he published in 1665, preserved the fine old traditions; the "blood of poetry" still ran in his veins. But, indeed, if he did not appear so sedate and serious in his portrait, I should suspect him of a jest when, calmly as if he were bidding you peel potatoes or boil water, he says to take sweetmeats and pastry and build a ship, with flags and streamers and guns, and a "Castle with Battlements, Portcullises, Gates, Drawbridge, and a train of powder, then, to model a Stag, filling it with Claret and sticking an Arrow in its side, then, "by a great Pin to take all the meat out of a dozen eggs by blowing" and fill them with rosewater, and, after that, to make pies with live Frogs and live Birds." Next he says—and this is too pretty not to be quoted—some of the ladies present must be —

"perswaded to pluck the Arrow out of the Stag, then will the Claret-Wine follow out as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration to the beholders, after some short pause, fire the train of the Castle; then fire the train of one side of the Ship as in a battle. . . . This done, to sweeten the stink of the powder, let the Ladies take the egg shells full of sweet waters, and throw them at each other. All dangers being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies; where, lifting

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first the lid off one pie, out skip some Frogs, which make the Ladies to skip and shreek; next after the other Pie, whence come out the Birds; . . . so that what with the flying Birds and skipping Frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company; at length, a banquet brought in, the musick sounds, and everyone with much delight and content rehearse their actions in the former passages."

Robert May never outgrew his youthful enthusiasm, while his biographer, a now unknown W. W., is so convinced that when the old conceits flourished, then was "Hospitality esteemed, Neighbourhood preserved, the Poor cherished and God honoured; then was Religion less talkt on and more practised; then was Atheism and Schism less in fashion and then did Men strive to be good rather than to seem so," that he leaves me wondering whether the true path to virtue is not through ships and castles of pastry, and under streams of rose-water.

I find John Nott, the compiler of a "Cooks and Confectioners Dictionary," as late as 1723, copying May's masterpiece with scarcely a change, except in the language. I also find Horace Walpole, later still in 1745, telling Sir Horace Mann how the Prince of Wales, to celebrate his son's chrisening, "had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper and the company besieged it with sugar-plums." Walpole wastes no words in regretting happier days. "It was well imagined," is his sole comment, "considering the time and the circumstances,"—the chief circumstance being the recent shameful surrender of Carlisle.

If already in the seventeenth century

Representation of the Interior of GUILDHALL on the occasion of the Visit of the KING & QUEEN with the Inauguration Dinner of SIR B. KEX to the Magnificence of London Nov. 9 1838

guests began to resign their dramatic part in the spectacle, they refused to dispense with the pageant. There was nothing put upon the table that was not designed to captivate and deceive the eye. The very linen had to contribute to the desired effect. The "Instructions" of Giles Rose are nowhere more minute and eloquent than when he is initiating the Butler into "the neat and gentile art of folding napkins," by which may be learned "how to fold and pleat and

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pinch the Linnen into all manner of forms both of Fish, Beasts, and Birds, as well as Fruits." And so "curious" are the "Cockle Shells, Cocks and Hens, Pigeons on their nests, Dogs with collars round their necks Hares, Rabbits, Tortoises, Turbots" given as models, so subtle the compliment in the "Mitre," "The Cross of Loraine," and "the Order of the Holy Ghost," should persons of an ecclesiastical or religious turn of mind be present, that I should like to believe Giles Rose the "fellow" Pepys found laying the napkins "in figures of all sorts" one day when he came home to superintend the preparations for a dinner of ceremony, and was so mightily pleased that he had half a mind to "give the fellow forty shillings to teach my wife to do it." When certain of the more ambitious metamorphoses were in question, linen alone did not suffice. Thus, "if a Cock were modelled", says Rose,

A garnished boar's head.

"make him a Comb and Wattles and Beard of some red stuff; and for the end of the Beak, you may make it of a large Quill which you may cut and fashion like a cock's bill, which must be fastened with a little *Gum Dragon* steeped in Orange-flower, or other Sweet Water, then pull out and fashion him a Tail out of the other end of the fold, and raise it up, and set it as high as you can,"

and I do not see what was left for such a mess of dye, gum and perfume save the washtub.

The masquerade that began with the napkins went on with every course until the guests rose from the table; though, as was only natural, the highest flights of invention were reached in the lighter, more poetic dishes—the fruits, the pastries, the sweetmeats. Giles Rose found another motive almost as inspiring in the fruit, which he would have the butler cut in "a great number of ornaments and representations," disguising it in several figures, "carve-peeling" it in "many fashions that will be looked upon with admiration." Speech failed him for an adequate description, and he gave expression to his superabundant ideas in a series of drawings of apples, pears, melons, plums, pineapples, "carve-peeled" into flowers, thistles, scorpions, spread-eagles, and other mysterious "forms" beyond the recognition of an unpoetic person like myself, until, finally, as a supreme effort, he evolved a bunch of grapes, "not laid in a Dish, but set artificially upright as if it were growing in the Earth, and were yet fast to its own proper stem where it first grew." Robert May was as ready with devices for pastry, and as eager to rely upon florid designs when his own gift of rhetoric seemed to him all too cold. Gervase Markham overflowed with patterns for his pastry, such as "Beastes, armes, knots, Flowers," or "other diverse pretty works according to your fancy," and he waxed so lyrical over the possibilities of a tart that I cannot resist giving his own words:

Gelatine d'anguille en volute historiee. Entree for Balls, etc.

"If the Tart be in the proportion of a beast, the body may be of one colour, the eyes of another, the teeth of another, and the tallents of another; and so of birds, the body of one colour, the eyes another, the legges of another, and every feather in the wings of a severall colour, according to fancy; and so likewise in armes, the field of one colour, the charge of another; according to the forme of the coat armour; as for the mantles, trailes, and devices about armes, they may be set out with severall colours of preserves, conserves, marmalades and godin-yakes, as you shall find occasion or invention, and so likewise, of knotes and trayle of one colour, and another of another, and so of as many as you please."

But then, Markham was a fanatic and would never have hesitated to sacrifice the dish to the spectacle. He might stoop to design a salad in imitation of flowers, "some full blowne, some half blowne, and some in the bud, which will be pretty and curious"—though still a salad to be eaten. But it needs no deep discernment to see how much more his heart is in the work when he aspired to an arrangement "in the manner of Scutcheons and Armes, some like Birds, and some like wild Beasts, according to the Art and Cunning of the Workman"—a salad, "dishonoured if any rash man ventured to appease with it the grosser pangs of hunger."

Not only with these three great men but with all the authorities on cookery, there was a continual striving after marvels, though the majority were but imitators and plagiarists. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a contemporary of Giles Rose and Robert May, was of the opinion that pastry must be cut "in some pretty Fancy" by the female who hoped for "a brave Tart" as the result, and she gives a *receipt* for a "Rock in Sweetmeats" so stupendous that I half suspect this dignified lady of having her tongue in her cheek, when, at the end, she begs the

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student not to think it "a simple fancy." As if any one could! "I assure you," she says, "it is the very same that I taught a young Gentlewoman to give for a Present to a Person of Quality." Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald, one of Mrs. Woolley's eighteenth century successors, made it her "study to please both the Eye and the Palate, without using pernicious Things for the Sake of Beauty." And she sought success by spinning gold and silver webs out of sugar, turning a jelly into a bird or the moon and stars; a transparent pudding into a fish-pond; a cake into a hedgehog with currants for its eyes; flummery into Solomon's Temple, cribbage cards, or eggs and bacon as you choose; her ingenious labor coming to a climax in a desert island made of a rock of candy, surmounted by a crowned figure in the middle, and gravel paths running round it, with little figures and Chinese rails built up of pastry and comfits; "a pretty Middle Dish," she adds modestly, "for a second course at a Grand Table, or a Wedding Supper, only set two Crowned Figures on the Mount instead of one."

—these are constant entries, of which our Mock Turtle is almost the sole survival. And to show to what delicious excess the fashion could be pushed, I might do worse than recall the "Peacock drest with his Feathers," a dish worthy of Giles Rose, its inventor, in which the charm was not the delicacy of the flavor or exquisiteness of the sauce, but the fact that the roasted bird, covered with its skin and feathers and arranged on a broach "as it were a Wheel," and made to turn, "will move and so will seem as if he were not dead but alive, and this is very easie to be done; and more also, if you please, for you can make him put fire out of his Beak, etc." In the whole history of art, was there ever a more expressive *etcetera* than that? In a word, the great thing was to offer a puzzle—a something unexpected, a something strange.

Some of the old conceits lingered long, and the fashion for dishes to go masquerading did not pass without a struggle. Even so conscientious a *gourmet* as Grimod de la Reyniere in the days of the Directory—in the days, that is, of Cambaceres and Talley-

HIGH LIVING AT BATH. AFTER ROWLANDSON, IN THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

And the master-cook, though the material at his disposal was less plastic, did not lag far behind. "To make Peacocks or Capons look like Porcupines," "to dress a Pig like a fat Lamb," "to pot Beef like Venison," "to make mock Hare of a Beast's Heart," to serve "Turkies in the shape of a Football," or "in Buskins," and pigeons "in the Form of a Frog or the Moon," "to dress a shoulder of Mutton called Hen and Chickens," "to dress the Belly of Veal or Goat like Apples"

rand—could gravely recommend a dish of crayfish, some cooked in the approved fashion, others still alive but painted red, in order to provide an amiable surprise for the guests at a dinner party. The genius of Careme, his contemporary, was for building classical temples and rococo palaces out of pastry—structures almost as astonishing as the desert island and fish-pond of Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald and her followers. And, for that matter, we have not yet al-

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together outgrown some of these pretty fancies. For ingenuity, in name at least, the "Toad-in-the-Hole," "Bubble-and-Squeak," and "Angel on Horseback" of

BUTTER BORDERS IN COLOR TO ORNAMENT COLD ENTRÉES.

the modern English kitchen might have had a place on the older *menu*. The peacock, "dresst to seem as if he were alive," has its rival in the boar's head, with pink and white sugar garlands about its snout and rings of lemon round its ears, upon which I have feasted at more than one Christmas banquet in England. Chocolate fish are not unknown in France at Easter time. In America we delight in "angel cake," and it may be that the "election" and "Independence" and "Federal" cakes of my little old "American Cookery" (1805) re-appear on appropriate occasions in certain parts of the country. Our ices may still be served in the shape of little birds and curious fruits. Why, only last 22d of February I celebrated the birthday of the "Father" of my country by eating cherries cut from a tree of ice with a little hatchet of exquisite cake. But Careme's flamboyant creations were the last flaring up of the poetic fire, and all these things to-day are but belated protests against the common sense of an age that likes "to know the truth for the truth" when at table. Practically speaking, the art of making things look like something they are not has devolved upon the vegetarian, who must in self-defense disguise the emptiness of his fare.

But it needed not only a pretty show, not only the "metaphorical dish" to satisfy the appetite of our forefathers. Judged by our puny standard, the amount they could eat is alarming. "Sixteen dishes of meat" was Gervase Markham's idea of the right proportion for one course, when the dinner was merely such as became a modest gentleman, provided as many more dishes of other things were added as would make "the full service not less than two-and-thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on the table"—inconveniently, I should have said. And this first course, if you please, was followed by a second as ample. Most of the eighteenth-century cookery books printed elaborate plans as guides to the butler, whose success in setting a table was measured by the number of dishes he could crowd upon it at one and the same time—plans that leave you in no doubt as to the origin of that parade of little dishes with which the American still loves to surround his plate at dinner. Now, according to the theory of Horace, men whose hunger warranted those wholesale preparations should have been satisfied with fare as plain as the chop and steak, and perhaps a bottle of Worcester Sauce thrown in, of the modern English bill-of-fare. But, in defiance of Horace, they demanded a variety that gave the accomplished cook and the complete housewife no time to rest upon their laurels. It was not enough then to understand boiling and roasting, grilling and frying, the limits now of the English cook's knowledge. The casserole had to be mastered, and the chafing-dish, whose recent re-appearance in Bond Street windows is looked upon as part of the American Invasion, was indispensable in the well-equipped kitchen. To stew was a fine art. Braises and daubes, ragouts, hashes and fricassees were as common as the good "roast beef of Old England," and "made dishes" were not a mere peg for Dr. Johnson to hang his pompous platitudes on: the chapter describing them was the longest in almost every cookery book. The ways of preparing any one meat, or vegetable, or fish were endless. Mrs. Hannah Glasse, who had no patience with "French tricks" and whose intention was "to instruct the lower sort," taught such a multitude of modes for the dressing of beef, mutton and veal that you reflect with awe on the lengths to which her imagination might have carried her had she catered for the aristocracy, while nothing less than two sections apart sufficed

THE ORDINARY SHAPE OF CROUTONS DE GELÉE FOR DRESSING THE PLATE.

for the inexhaustible subject of pork. Every vegetable in the calendar was fried, fricasseed white or brown, mashed, stewed, broiled, farcéd, buttered, ragoued, mixed,

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until the English cook, as I know her, vowed to plain water or a sprinkling of salt in reckless moments, would recoil in horror. One authority alone, Vincent la Chapelle, cook to Lord Chesterfield, offered sixteen alternatives to the breadcrumbs without which the sole is now thought indecorous on the English dinner or breakfast table; to turbot he supplied eighteen means of escape from the monotony of shrimp sauce; and every other fish that swims made equal claim—and not in vain—upon his generosity. Robert May, as relentless in his hatred of "French tricks" as Hannah Glasse, was altogether French when it came to a question of eggs. He could make twenty-one different omelettes, each a triumph—if only one good omelette could be turned out in twentieth-century England, what cause of rejoicing! And he could fry, butter, stuff, scramble, bake, boil, roast, until his directions would savor of sacrilege to a generation brought up to look upon eggs as inseparable from bacon. Nor did the man of genius hesitate before the oyster. It passed then through as many transformations as it does to-day in America. As for pastry: to look through any one of the old cookery books is to discover how legitimately the New Englander comes by his inheritance of pie!

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

And not only this, there were the countless dishes that have ceased to exist, save in the cookery and other books of the time: the tanzies and Florentines, the capilotades and stofados, the panadas, granades and chardoons, the pigeons transmogrified and in Pimlico, the Salmagundies—it was, you will remember, for a Salmagundy that Mr. Morgan, Roderick Random's friend on H. M. S. *Thunder*, was famed—the Stump and Battalia Pies, the amulets and Monasticks—but why so ascetic a name should have been found for a chicken stuffed with oysters, bacon and sweet herbs, and served with rice and forced-meat balls, is a mystery that remains unsolved even in the books of Henry Howard, Free Cook of London, my sole authority for the dish. And then the cakes, puddings and sweets of all kinds: the syllabubs, possets, tuff-taffity creams, carmelets, kickshaws, suckets, and wells of love; the furmities, Swift objected to—"I hate Lent, I hate different diets and furmity and butter and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks," he wrote to Stella from London; and the wiggs Pepys ate so cheerfully withal for his Lenten supper; and the diet bread Pamela took with her on the memorable journey to Lincolnshire; and how many other sweet things we have never eaten ourselves but love better than if we had because of the charm of association.

But I am most impressed when I look into the composition of all these dishes. When people had ceased to marvel at the linen beasts and birds on their plates and the pastry beasts and birds before them, each mouthful was a fresh "surprise," each new dish could be attacked in the spirit of adventure. The cook could not put too much of anything and everything in a dish, whether of flesh, fowl or fish. The array of herbs with names as sweet as themselves—thyme, rosemary, marjoram, basil, lavender—is simply bewildering. "Well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything," was one of Swift's directions to the cook. Roses, violets, cowslips, lilies-of-the-valley followed the sweet herbs in equal profusion; the flower garden was as important as the kitchen garden to a well-appointed *chef*. And there was as little stint with berries and fruits and spices—oh, that spice-box! It is a saving sign of grace when William Gelleroy (1762) is at pains to explain that he has recommended "a larger quantity of spices than are generally used; but as this

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depends on the palate of the persons for whom it is intended, it may be given in less quantities at the discretion of the cook."

In some of the old books dishes are deliberately divided into "simple" and "compound," and nothing gives a better clue to the prevailing extravagance than the prevailing notion of simplicity. Let me take, as typical, one example out of many. Nothing could be plainer, you would say, than boiled mutton. But this is Robert May's *receipt*. Boil your leg of mutton, having "first stuffed it with parsley, and make sauce with large mace, gravy, chopped parsley, butter, vinegar, juice of orange, gooseberries, barberries, or grapes and sugar: serve it on sippets." And if that seemed too unimaginative, beef suet and nutmeg could be added to the stuffing, and to the sauce, capers, currants, sack, eggs and lemons could give the desired zest.

If this be simple, what then is compound, would you know? Let me go again for an example to Robert May, the stern opponent of "Epigram Dishes Imported from France." I choose at random, as choice must be made somehow, his "Bisk." I cannot give it in full, it is too long, but the instructions for dishing it up are more than sufficient.

"Have some French bread in the bottom of your dish. Then dish on it your chickens and pigeons, broth it; next your quails, then sweetbreads, then your pullets, then your artichocks, or sparagus, and pistaches, then your lemons, Pommgarnet [a good shot at Pomegranate, I suppose] or Grapes, Spinage and fryed Marrow; and if yellow saffron or fryed sage, then round the centre of your boiled Meat, put your minced Capon, then run all over with beaten butter, etc."

Here again is an etcetera that leaves one gasping. And for further embellishment, it "might be served with Cocks' Combs, minced meat, Spinage, yolks of Eggs, Saffron, and many other varieties."

And if you eat and do not need some of the "miraculous waters," the "sovereign pills and powders" it was then also the business of the good housewife to make, your digestion must be as tough as that of the generation which she fed and doctored. I understand why Markham, who thought the woman unskilled as cook not fit to marry, believed that, when married, her principal virtue should be a "physicall kind of knowledge, how to administer many wholesome receits or medicines for the good of the family's healths." The kitchen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made the medicine closet a necessity in every household.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century cookery began to grow more sober, and, consequently, more dull. Fancy is checked in its flight. Conceits are less fantastic. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, sobriety is the rule and, for the present anyway, the old extravagance, and not the new sobriety, is my concern.

I do not attempt to account for the curious contradiction in this old extravagance—the healthy appetite and the unhealthy excess; though I admit I am not without my theory, ingenious as the subject. I think there must have come a moment, with the general awakening throughout Europe, when it was a toss-up whether or no the art of cookery would relapse into barbarism. And, like the males among certain birds who conquer in their courtships by their parade of gay and gorgeous plumage, so the daintier dishes triumphed in the end by sheer force of display and bravery of appearance. The eye of the "feeder" was appealed to, and his imagination stirred by a hundred childish devices, that gradually he might develop into the "diner" of to-day. I throw this out as a suggestion, but the more I study my cookery books, the more I wonder there has not yet arisen a Darwin to trace the struggle for existence in the kitchen, and the final evolution of the art of cookery as we know it.

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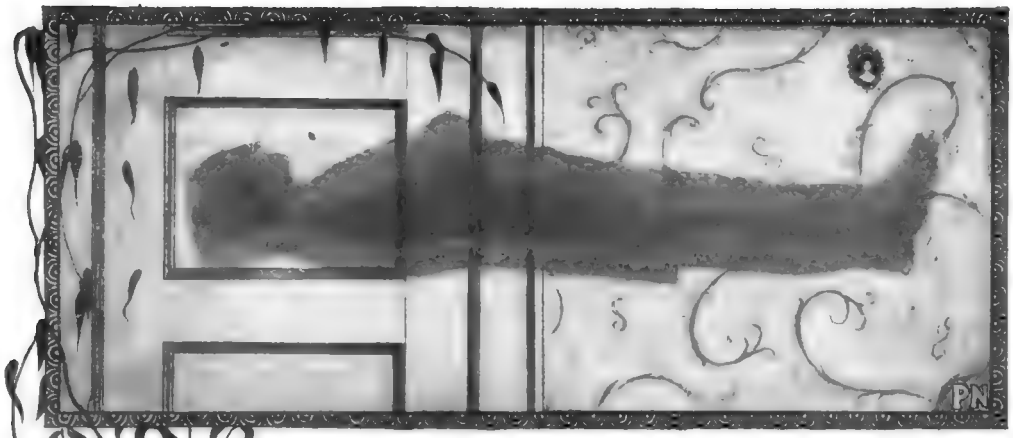

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman.

Illustrated by Peter Newell.

"HENRY had words with Edward in the study the night before Edward died," said Caroline Glynn. She spoke not with acrimony, but with grave severity. Rebecca Ann Glynn gasped by way of assent. She sat in a wide flounce of black silk in the corner of the sofa, and rolled terrified eyes from her sister Caroline to her sister Mrs. Stephen Brigham, who had been Emma Glynn, the one beauty of the family. The latter was beautiful still, with a large, splendid, full-blown beauty; she filled a great rocking-chair with her superb bulk of femininity, and swayed gently back and forth, her black silks whispering and her black frills fluttering. Even the shock of death—for her brother Edward lay dead in the house—could not disturb her outward serenity of demeanor.

But even her expression of masterly placidity changed before her sister Caroline's announcement and her sister Rebecca Ann's gasp of terror and distress in response.

"I think Henry might have controlled his temper, when poor Edward was so near his end," she said with an asperity which disturbed slightly the roseate curves of her beautiful mouth.

"Of course he did not *know*," murmured Rebecca Ann in a faint tone.

"Of course he did not know it," said Caroline quickly. She turned on her sister with a strange, sharp look of suspicion. Then she shrank as if from the other's possible answer.

Rebecca gasped again. The married sister, Mrs. Emma Brigham, was now sitting up straight in her chair; she had ceased rocking, and was eyeing them both intently with a sudden accentuation of family likeness in her face.

"What do you mean?" said she impartially to them both. Then she, too, seemed to shrink before a possible answer. She even laughed an evasive sort of laugh.

"Nobody means anything," said Caroline firmly. She rose and crossed the room toward the door with grim decisiveness.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Brigham.

"I have something to see to," replied Caroline, and the others at once knew by her tone that she had some solemn and sad duty to perform in the chamber of death.

"Oh," said Mrs. Brigham.

After the door had closed behind Caroline, she turned to Rebecca.

"Did Henry have many words with him?" she asked.

"They were talking very loud," replied Rebecca evasively.

Mrs. Brigham looked at her. She had not

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resumed rocking. She still sat up straight, with a slight knitting of intensity on her fair forehead, between the pretty rippling curves of her auburn hair.

"Did you—ever hear anything?" she asked in a low voice with a glance toward the door.

"I was just across the hall in the south parlor, and that door was open and this door ajar," replied Rebecca with a slight flush.

"Then you must have——"

"I couldn't help it."

"Everything?"

"Most of it."

"What was it?"

"The old story."

"I suppose Henry was mad, as he always was, because Edward was living on here for nothing, when he had wasted all the money father left him."

Rebecca nodded, with a fearful glance at the door.

When Emma spoke again her voice was still more hushed. "I know how he felt," said she. "It must have looked to him as if Edward was living at his expense, but he wasn't."

"No, he wasn't."

"And Edward had a right here according to the terms of father's will, and Henry ought to have remembered it."

"Yes, he ought."

"Did he say hard things?"

"Pretty hard, from what I heard."

"What?"

"I heard him tell Edward that he had no business here at all, and he thought he had better go away."

"What did Edward say?"

"That he would stay here as long as he lived and afterward, too, if he was a mind to, and he would like to see Henry get him out; and then——"

"What?"

"Then he laughed."

"What did Henry say?"

"I didn't hear him say anything, but——"

"But what?"

"I saw him when he came out of this room."

"He looked mad?"

"You've seen him when he looked so."

Emma nodded. The expression of horror on her face had deepened.

"Do you remember that time he killed the cat because she had scratched him?"

"Yes. Don't!"

Then Caroline reëntered the room; she went up to the stove, in which a wood fire was burning—it was a cold, gloomy day of fall—and she warmed her hands, which were reddened from recent washing in cold water.

Mrs. Brigham looked at her and hesitated. She glanced at the door, which was still ajar; it did not easily shut, being still swollen with the damp weather of the summer. She rose and pushed it together with a sharp thud, which jarred the house. Rebecca started painfully with a half-exclamation. Caroline looked at her disapprovingly.

"It is time you controlled your nerves, Rebecca," she said.

Mrs. Brigham, returning from the closed door, said imperiously that it ought to be fixed, it shut so hard.

"It will shrink enough after we have had the fire a few days," replied Caroline.

"I think Henry ought to be ashamed of himself for talking as he did to Edward," said Mrs. Brigham abruptly, but in an almost inaudible voice.

"Hush," said Caroline, with a glance of actual fear at the closed door.

"Nobody can hear with the door shut. I say again I think Henry ought to be ashamed of himself. I shouldn't think he'd ever get over it, having words with poor Edward the very night before he died. Edward was enough sight better disposition than Henry, with all his faults.

"I never heard him speak a cross word, unless he spoke cross to Henry that last night. I don't know; but he did from what Rebecca overheard."

"Not so much cross, as sort of soft, and sweet, and aggravating," sniffed Rebecca.

"What do you really think ailed Edward?" asked Emma in hardly more than a whisper. She did not look at her sister.

"I know you said that he had terrible pains in his stomach, and had spasms, but what do you think made him have them?"

"Henry called it gastric trouble. You know Edward has always had dyspepsia."

Mrs. Brigham hesitated a moment. "Was there any talk of an—examination?" said she.

Then Caroline turned on her fiercely.

"No," said she in a terrible voice. "No."

The three sisters' souls seemed to meet on one common ground of terrified understanding through their eyes.

The old-fashioned latch of the door

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was heard to rattle, and a push from without made the door shake ineffectually. "It's Henry," Rebecca sighed rather than whispered. Mrs. Brigham settled herself, after a noiseless rush across the floor, into her rocking-chair again, and was swaying back and forth with her head comfortably leaning back, when the door at last yielded and Henry Glynn entered. He cast a covertly sharp, comprehensive glance at Mrs. Brigham with her elaborate calm; at Rebecca quietly huddled in the corner of the sofa with her handkerchief to her face and only one small uncovered reddened ear as attentive as a dog's, and at Caroline sitting with a strained composure in her armchair by the stove. She met his eyes quite firmly with a look of inscrutable fear, and defiance of the fear and of him.

Henry Glynn looked more like this sister than the others. Both had the same hard delicacy of form and aquilinity of feature. They confronted each other with the pitiless immovability of two statues in whose marble lineaments emotions were fixed for all eternity.

Then Henry Glynn smiled and the smile transformed his face. He looked suddenly years younger, and an almost boyish recklessness appeared in his face. He flung himself into a chair with a gesture which was bewildering from its incongruity with his general appearance. He leaned his head back, flung one leg over the other, and looked laughingly at Mrs. Brigham.

"I declare, Emma, you grow younger every year," he said.

She flushed a little, and her placid mouth widened at the corners. She was susceptible to praise.

"Our thoughts to-day ought to belong to the one of us who will *never* grow older," said Caroline in a hard voice.

Henry looked at her, still smiling. "Of course, we none of us forget that," said he, in a deep, gentle voice; "but we have to speak to the living, Caroline, and I have not seen Emma for a long time, and the living are as dear as the dead."

"Not to me," said Caroline.

She rose and went abruptly out of the room again. Rebecca also rose and hurried after her, sobbing loudly.

Henry looked slowly after them.

"Caroline is completely unstrung," said he.

Mrs. Brigham rocked. A confidence in him inspired by his manner was stealing over her. Out of that confidence she spoke quite easily and naturally.

"His death was very sudden," said she.

Henry's eyelids quivered slightly but his gaze was unswerving.

"Yes," said he, "it was very sudden. He was sick only a few hours."

"What did you call it?"

"Gastric."

"You did not think of an examination?"

"There was no need. I am perfectly certain as to the cause of his death."

Suddenly Mrs. Brigham felt a creep as of some live horror over her very soul. Her flesh prickled with cold, before an inflection of his voice. She rose, tottering on weak knees.

"Where are you going?" asked Henry in a strange, breathless voice.

Mrs. Brigham said something incoherent about some sewing which she had to do—some black for the funeral—and was out of the room. She went up to the front chamber which she occupied. Caroline was there. She went close to her and took her hands, and the two sisters looked at each other.

"Don't speak, don't, I won't have it!" said Caroline finally in an awful whisper.

"I won't," replied Emma.

That afternoon the three sisters were in the study.

Mrs. Brigham was hemming some black material. At last she laid her work on her lap.

"It's no use, I cannot see to sew another stitch until we have a light," said she.

Caroline, who was writing some letters at the table, turned to Rebecca, in her usual place on the sofa.

"Rebecca, you had better get a lamp," she said.

Rebecca started up; even in the dusk her face showed her agitation.

"It doesn't seem to me that we need a lamp quite yet," she said in a piteous, pleading voice like a child's.

"Yes, we do," returned Mrs. Brigham peremptorily. "I can't see to sew another stitch."

Rebecca rose and left the room. Presently she entered with a lamp. She set it on the table, an old-fashioned card-table which was placed against the opposite wall from the window. That opposite wall was taken up with three doors; the one small space was occupied by the table.

"What have you put that lamp over there

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for?" asked Mrs. Brigham, with more of impatience than her voice usually revealed. "Why didn't you set it in the hall, and have done with it. Neither Caroline nor I can see if it is on that table."

"I thought perhaps you would move," replied Rebecca hoarsely.

"If I do move, we can't both sit at that table. Caroline has her paper all spread around. Why don't you set the lamp on the study table in the middle of the room, then we can both see?"

Rebecca hesitated. Her face was very pale. She looked with an appeal that was fairly agonizing at her sister Caroline.

"Why don't you put the lamp on this table, as she says?" asked Caroline, almost fiercely. "Why do you act so, Rebecca?"

Rebecca took the lamp and set it on the table in the middle of the room without another word. Then she seated herself on the sofa and placed a hand over her eyes as if to shade them, and remained so.

"Does the light hurt your eyes, and is that the reason why you didn't want the lamp?" asked Mrs. Brigham kindly.

"I always like to sit in the dark," replied Rebecca chokingly. Then she snatched her handkerchief hastily from her pocket and began to weep. Caroline continued to write, Mrs. Brigham to sew.

Suddenly Mrs. Brigham as she sewed glanced at the opposite wall. The glance became a steady stare. She looked intently, her work suspended in her hands. Then she looked away again and took a few more stitches, then she looked again, and again turned to her task. At last she laid her work in her lap and stared concentratedly. She looked from the wall round the room, taking note of the various objects. Then she turned to her sisters.

"What *is* that?" said she.

"What?" asked Caroline harshly.

"That strange shadow on the wall," replied Mrs. Brigham.

Rebecca sat with her face hidden; Caroline dipped her pen in the inkstand.

"Why don't you turn around and look?" asked Mrs. Brigham in a wondering and somewhat aggrieved way.

"I am in a hurry to finish this letter," replied Caroline shortly.

Mrs. Brigham rose, her work slipping to the floor, and began walking round the room, moving various articles of furniture, with her eyes on the shadow.

Then suddenly she shrieked out:

"Look at this awful shadow! What is it? Caroline, look, look! Rebecca, look! What is it?"

All Mrs. Brigham's triumphant placidity was gone. Her handsome face was livid with horror. She stood stiffly pointing at the shadow.

Then after a shuddering glance at the wall Rebecca burst out in a wild wail.

"Oh, Caroline, there it is again, there it is again!"

"Caroline Glynn, you look!" said Mrs. Brigham. "Look! What is that dreadful shadow?"

Caroline rose, turned, and stood confronting the wall.

"How should I know?" she said.

"It has been there every night since he died!" cried Rebecca.

"Every night?"

"Yes; he died Thursday and this is Saturday; that makes three nights," said Caroline rigidly. She stood as if holding her calm with a vise of concentrated will.

"It—it looks like—like——" stammered Mrs. Brigham in a tone of intense horror.

"I know what it looks like well enough," said Caroline. "I've got eyes in my head."

"It looks like Edward," burst out Rebecca in a sort of frenzy of fear. "Only——"

"Yes, it does," assented Mrs. Brigham, whose horror-stricken tone matched her sisters', "only—— Oh, it is awful! What is it, Caroline?"

"I ask you again, how should I know?" replied Caroline. "I see it there like you. How should I know any more than you?"

"It *must* be something in the room," said Mrs. Brigham, staring wildly around.

"We moved everything in the room the first night it came," said Rebecca; "it is not anything in the room."

Caroline turned upon her with a sort of fury. "Of course it is something in the room," said she. "How you act! What do you mean talking so? Of course it is something in the room."

"Of course it is," agreed Mrs. Brigham, looking at Caroline suspiciously. "It must be something in the room."

"It is not anything in the room," repeated Rebecca with obstinate horror.

The door opened suddenly and Henry Glynn entered. He began to speak, then his eyes followed the direction of the others. He stood staring at the shadow on the wall.

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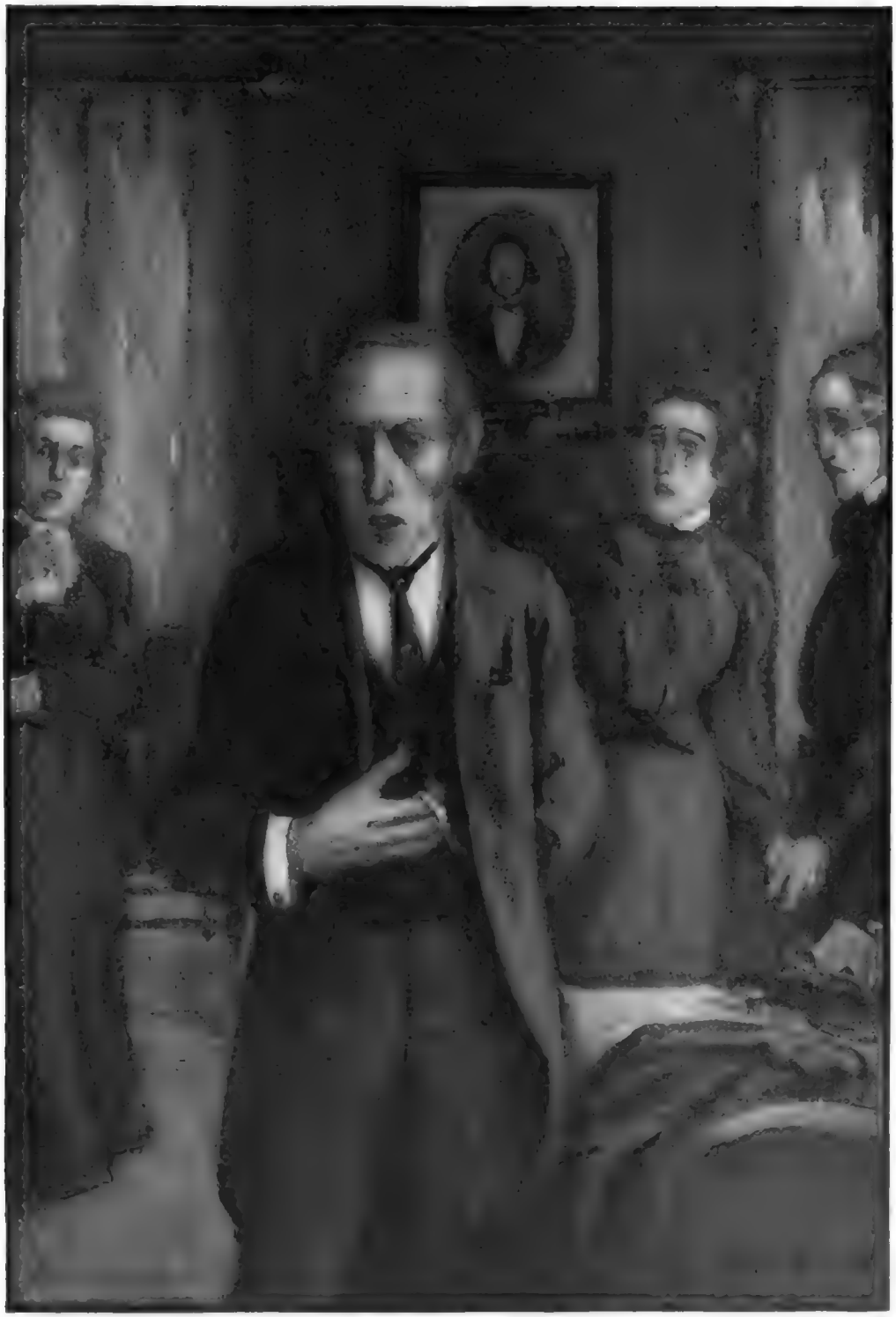

"HE STOOD STARING AT THE SHADOW ON THE WALL."

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"What is that?" he demanded in a strange voice.

"It must be due to something in the room," Mrs. Brigham said faintly.

Henry Glynn stood and stared a moment longer. His face showed a gamut of emotions. Horror, conviction, then furious incredulity. Suddenly he began hastening hither and thither about the room. He moved the furniture with fierce jerks, turning ever to see the effect upon the shadow on the wall. Not a line of its terrible outlines wavered.

"It must be something in the room!" he declared in a voice which seemed to snap like a lash.

His face changed, the inmost secrecy of his nature seemed evident upon his face, until one almost lost sight of his lineaments. Rebecca stood close to her sofa, regarding him with woeful, fascinated eyes. Mrs. Brigham clutched Caroline's hand. They both stood in a corner out of his way. For a few moments he raged about the room like a caged wild animal. He moved every piece of furniture; when the moving of a piece did not affect the shadow he flung it to the floor.

Then suddenly he desisted. He laughed.

"What an absurdity," he said easily. "Such a to-do about a shadow."

"That's so," assented Mrs. Brigham, in a scared voice which she tried to make natural. As she spoke she lifted a chair near her.

"I think you have broken the chair that Edward was fond of," said Caroline.

Terror and wrath were struggling for expression on her face. Her mouth was set, her eyes shrinking. Henry lifted the chair with a show of anxiety.

"Just as good as ever," he said pleasantly. He laughed again, looking at his sisters. "Did I scare you?" he said. "I should think you might be used to me by this time. You know my way of wanting to leap to the bottom of a mystery, and that shadow does look—queer, like—and I thought if there was any way of accounting for it I would like to without any delay."

"You don't seem to have succeeded," remarked Caroline dryly, with a slight glance at the wall.

Henry's eyes followed hers and he quivered perceptibly.

"Oh, there is no accounting for shadows," he said, and he laughed again. "A man is a fool to try to account for shadows."

Then the supper bell rang, and they all left the room, but Henry kept his back to the wall—as did, indeed, the others.

Henry led the way with an alert motion like a boy; Rebecca brought up the rear. She could scarcely walk, her knees trembled so.

"I can't sit in that room again this evening," she whispered to Caroline after supper.

"Very well; we will sit in the south room," replied Caroline. "I think we will sit in the south parlor," she said aloud; "it isn't as damp as the study, and I have a cold."

So they all sat in the south room with their sewing. Henry read the newspaper, his chair drawn close to the lamp on the table. About nine o'clock he rose abruptly and crossed the hall to the study. The three sisters looked at one another. Mrs. Brigham rose, folded her rustling skirts compactly round her, and began tiptoeing toward the door.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Rebecca, agitatedly.

"I am going to see what he is about," replied Mrs. Brigham cautiously.

As she spoke she pointed to the study door across the hall; it was ajar. Henry had striven to pull it together behind him, but it had somehow swollen beyond the limit with curious speed. It was still ajar and a streak of light showed from top to bottom.

Mrs. Brigham folded her skirts so tightly that her bulk with its swelling curves was revealed in a black silk sheath, and she went with a slow toddle across the hall to the study door. She stood there, her eye at the crack.

In the south room Rebecca stopped sewing and sat watching with dilated eyes. Caroline sewed steadily. What Mrs. Brigham, standing at the crack in the study door, saw was this:

Henry Glynn, evidently reasoning that the source of the strange shadow must be between the table on which the lamp stood and the wall, was making systematic passes and thrusts with an old sword which had belonged to his father all over and through the intervening space. Not an inch was left unpierced. He seemed to have divided the space into mathematical sections. He brandished the sword with a sort of cold fury and calculation; the blade gave out flashes of light, the shadow remained unmoved. Mrs. Brigham, watching, felt herself cold with horror.

Finally Henry ceased and stood with the

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sword in hand and raised as if to strike, surveying the shadow on the wall threateningly. Mrs. Brigham toddled back across the hall and shut the south room door behind her before she related what she had seen.

"He looked like a demon," she said again. "Have you got any of that old wine in the house, Caroline? I don't feel as if I could stand much more."

"Yes, there's plenty," said Caroline; "you can have some when you go to bed."

"I think we had all better take some," said Mrs. Brigham. "Oh, Caroline, what——"

"Don't ask; don't speak," said Caroline.

"No, I'm not going to," replied Mrs. Brigham; "but——"

Soon the three sisters went to their chambers and the south parlor was deserted. Caroline called to Henry in the study to put out the light before he came upstairs. They had been gone about an hour when he came into the room bringing the lamp which had stood in the study. He set it on the table, and waited a few minutes, pacing up and down. His face was terrible, his fair complexion showed livid, and his blue eyes seemed dark blanks of awful reflections.

Then he took up the lamp and returned to the library. He set the lamp on the centre table and the shadow sprang out on the wall. Again he studied the furniture and moved it about, but deliberately, with none of his former frenzy. Nothing affected the shadow. Then he returned to the south room with the lamp and again waited. Again he returned to the study and placed the lamp on the table, and the shadow sprang out upon the wall. It was midnight before he went upstairs. Mrs. Brigham and the other sisters, who could not sleep, heard him.

The next day was the funeral. That evening the family sat in the south room. Some relatives were with them. Nobody entered the study until Henry carried a lamp in there after the others had retired for the night. He saw again the shadow on the wall leap to an awful life before the light.

The next morning at breakfast Henry Glynn announced that he had to go to the city for three days. The sisters looked at him with surprise. He very seldom left home, and just now his practice had been neglected on account of Edward's death.

"How can you leave your patients now?" asked Mrs. Brigham wonderingly.

"I don't know how to, but there is no other way," replied Henry easily. "I have had a telegram from Doctor Mitford."

"Consultation?" inquired Mrs. Brigham.

"I have business," replied Henry.

Doctor Mitford was an old classmate of his who lived in a neighboring city and who occasionally called upon him in the case of a consultation.

After he had gone, Mrs. Brigham said to Caroline that, after all, Henry had not said that he was going to consult with Doctor Mitford, and she thought it very strange.

"Everything is very strange," said Rebecca with a shudder.

"What do you mean?" inquired Caroline.

"Nothing," replied Rebecca.

Nobody entered the study that day, nor the next. The third day Henry was expected home, but he did not arrive and the last train from the city had come.

"I call it pretty queer work," said Mrs. Brigham. "The idea of a doctor leaving his patients at such a time as this, and the idea of a consultation lasting three days! There is no sense in it, and *now* he has not come. I don't understand it, for my part."

"I don't either," said Rebecca.

They were all in the south parlor. There was no light in the study; the door was ajar.

Presently Mrs. Brigham rose—she could not have told why; something seemed to impel her—some will outside her own. She went out of the room, again wrapping her rustling skirts round that she might pass noiselessly, and began pushing at the swollen door of the study.

"She has not got any lamp," said Rebecca in a shaking voice.

Caroline, who was writing letters, rose again, took the only remaining lamp in the room, and followed her sister. Rebecca had risen, but she stood trembling, not venturing to follow.

The doorbell rang, but the others did not hear it; it was on the south door on the other side of the house from the study. Rebecca, after hesitating until the bell rang the second time, went to the door; she remembered that the servant was out.

Caroline and her sister Emma entered the study. Caroline set the lamp on the table. They looked at the wall, and there were two shadows. The sisters stood clutching each other, staring at the awful things on the wall. Then Rebecca came in, staggering, with a telegram in her hand. "Here is—a telegram," she gasped. "Henry is—dead."

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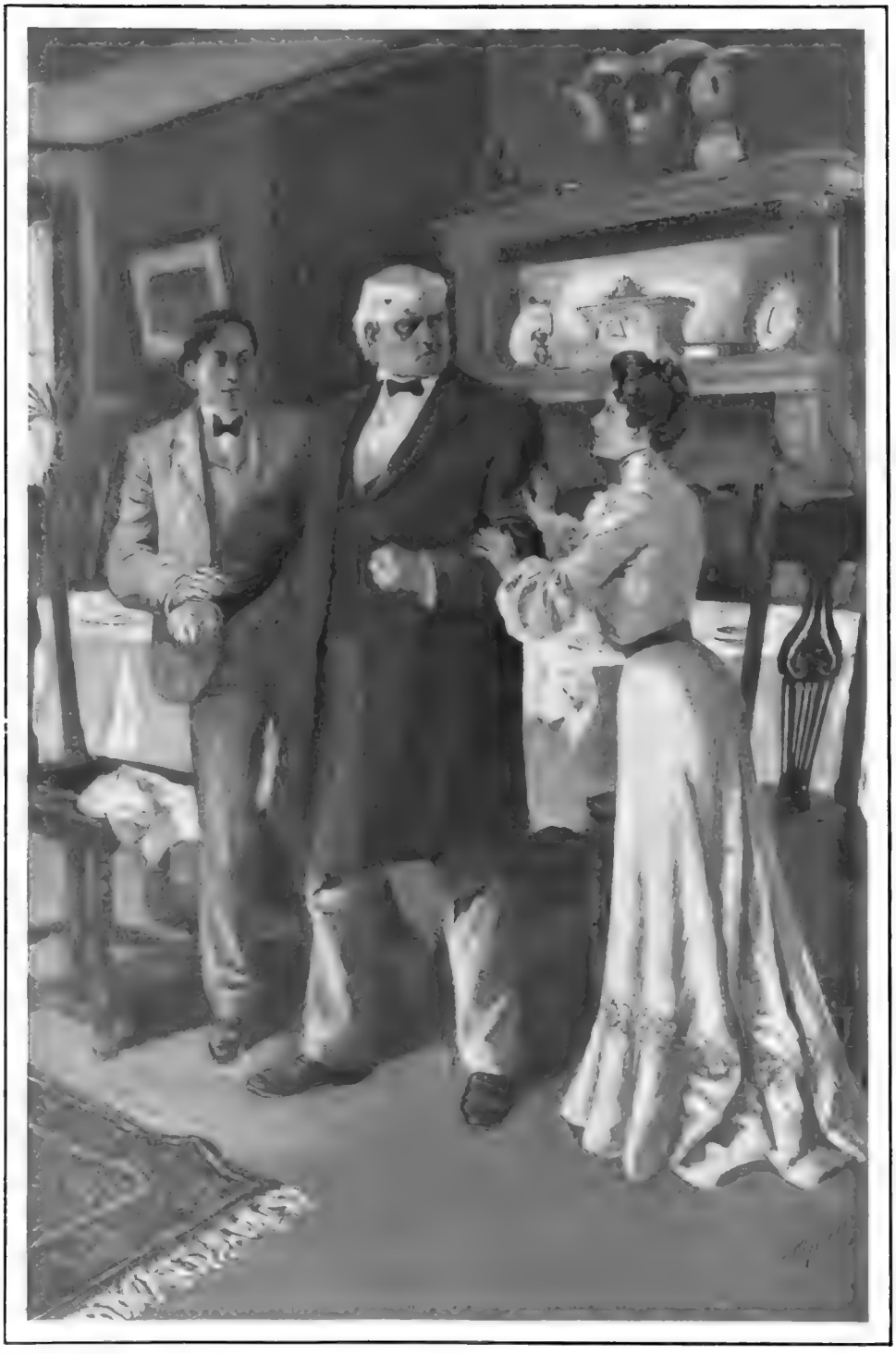

"'HENRI?' HE SHOUTED; 'IF HIS NAME IS HENRY, WHY DON'T HE CALL HIMSELF SO?'"

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THE PLACE OF DRAGONS

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

CHAPTER I.

IT was the dawn of a chilly and pallid day in the pine country of the northern peninsula of Michigan. Agnes Darcy, descending from the sleeping-coach, looked about her eagerly, anticipating the sight of a familiar figure in the midst of the group upon the platform. She had lain awake many hours during the night, excited with the thought of her return to her home after two years' absence; and among the many things which she had pictured was this group in the wan twilight of the autumnal morning before the squat old station. The 'bus drivers, drowsy and vociferous; the woodsmen, accoutred for the camps in their gay "mackinaws" and with their "turkeys" on their backs; the Indian, blanketed and grim—she had pictured them all. A young man came hurrying forward. He hesitated as he approached the girl in the dim, uncertain light.

"Why, Dick!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

"Aggie! Well, well! Well, I'll be blest! Why, at first I knew you, and then as I got closer—you're so grown up—so——"

The girl flung herself into his arms, and they hugged each other like children.

"Father well, Dick?"

"Yes—pretty well. Not so horribly industrious as he used to be, perhaps, which makes it easier for other folks. Got your trunks checked? Say, there's enough of them! There's the trap over there, but don't you jump in till I return. That bay isn't more than half-broken yet."

The train was pulling out. Every window in the day coach was open, and the departing woodsmen were exchanging farewells with those left on the platform.

A woman with a shawl over her head turned away, tears running down her cheeks. The train was off amid shoutings. Agnes called her good-by with the rest, the old life of her girlhood surging back upon her as she did so. Then, as the crowd turned away, Dick Darcy came swinging along the platform, huge and blustering.

"Now, that's done. Trunks enough to run a boarding school, upon my word, Aggie! Here—in you go!" He helped her into the trap, gathered the reins in his hand, unloosed the hitching-strap, and then leaped into the vehicle as the young horse made off down the street.

There was no chance for conversation till the colt was brought up rearing before an old-fashioned red-brick dwelling on the terrace above the river—the river which had carried down on its broad stream the palpable wealth of the whole section in good pine logs. There were mills along its banks, and mills on islands, and even now, in what was far from being a busy season, work was beginning in them, and their whistles sounded a warning to sluggards. The girl ran up the brick walk, conscious, as she sped on, of the almost absurd familiarity of things. The cedars by the walk, the fountain with its plethoric wooden cupid, the pigeon-cote, castellated and freshly painted, the cupola, the wide glass doorway, were as familiar to her as her own face in the glass.

The front door opened. A tall, gaunt man appeared in it, his rugged face wreathed in smiles. He was as straight and hardy as a Norway pine; his brow was high and bold, his deep-set gray-blue eyes were humid at this moment with affection. He clasped the girl, and she sobbed a little on his neck. Then he pushed her from him and looked at her with tender delight in her beauty and youth. She was his daughter, no question. Her outlines were gracious and exquisite, but through them appeared a poise and resistance native to her. Her eyes had more blue in them than had her father's, and they possessed something less of shrewdness, but they had his humor and were capable of his sternness.

They went into the parlor together, and the girl looked about her quizzically.

"You've been refurnishing," she cried, as if to make the best of a bad matter.

Her father ran his long hands down into his pockets and beamed with satisfaction.

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"Yes," he said, and waited for further comment.

"It—it must have been very expensive," she faltered.

"Oh, damn the expense!" he ejaculated with innocent joy.

Miss Darcy started slightly.

"Dad!" she said reprovingly.

"Eh?"

"You swore!"

"Who—me? Damned if I did!"

The girl shook her gloved finger at him.

"You mustn't! It—it isn't nice. Promise me that you won't do it again—before me, you know."

The old man roared, tossing back his long weather-faded locks.

"I guess you'll find ole Abe Darcy about as tough as they make 'em," he said.

Dick came in from the stables, and helped her off with her things, and they all went out to breakfast together.

"Well, if there isn't the old high-chair," exclaimed the girl. "You keep that, whatever else goes, don't you daddy, dear?"

"It's been standing right there thirty year, Aggie. Your ma got it for little Frankie when he was ten months old. For years and years your ma never set down to the table without lifting one baby or another up to the table in it. Sometimes it just seems as if she'd come walking in, her hair all parted neat and a baby crowing on her arm, and set down there, opposite."

There was quite a silence. Abe Darcy himself broke it at last.

"Mrs. Higginson made a good chaperon, did she, Aggie?"

"Oh, yes, we got on very well! She had a perfect genius for making me see the things I ought to see. And a guide-book's her Bible."

"And you left her at her home in Oswego, did you? Wa'n't that a little queer, Aggie, to dump your chaperon, and come gadding half-way 'cross the continent alone?"

"It was the easiest way—no use in unnecessary expense. Besides, what would I do with a chaperon out West? I stayed to help her settle."

"Why didn't you bring her along for a visit? She'd have enjoyed the country."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't, dad! This isn't her sort. But she promised me to come out to my wedding. She'd have to see me safe through that, you know, or she'd never be satisfied that it was properly done."

"That'll be a long way off, I hope, Aggie—a long way off, daughter."

There was a little silence, which intensified somehow. The girl played with her coffee-spoon and flushed. Then she raised her head with a haughty little motion.

"Why, I don't know that it is so *very* far off, dad," she said. "In fact, I was thinking of asking you if it couldn't be quite soon."

Dick looked nervous and unconsciously reproachful. He knew better than his sister how such a statement would annoy his father. The old man brought his hairy fist down on the table.

"It ain't fair, Aggie! I say it ain't fair. Here I've sent you away to school and then to Europe, and got along without you for five years, counting on the time when you'd come home to stay. Now I've furnished all up new and got things in shape; and I was planning on some parties and——"

He stopped, the words choking in his throat, feeling, perhaps, how futile his protest would be, and staring at the radiant beauty of the young girl with her apologetic and half-tearful smile. Dick relieved the embarrassment.

"Well, who is he, sis? Not Stillwell Harper? I heard you kept up a correspondence with him."

"Oh, Dick! How silly of you!"

"But, Aggie, I happen to know that he——"

"You know nothing, Dickie. Don't get to fancying you do—about Stillwell, I mean. The gentleman I mean isn't an American at all, to tell the truth. He's a Frenchman."

"Not Fontanelle?" her father cried with indignation in his accent. He was thinking of the son of a rich neighbor who had made his fortune in cedar-posts.

"Jo Fontanelle!" she laughed mirthfully. "No, no, you don't know the man I mean. I met him in Paris at a ball at the American Embassy. But he's in America now. He came over on the same boat with me, you see. He'll be along here in a week, I suppose. He's coming to ask your permission, father."

"Well, well," cried the old man impatiently, "what's his name?"

The girl held a lump of sugar over her coffee. "Be prepared," she cried with

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bravado. "Are you ready? Henri Frederick Louys, Comte de Chateroux." The sugar plumped down into the cup.

The men were staring, open-mouthed. The elder spoke first in a low tone, which his daughter recognized as a storm-signal of old.

"Not a count, Aggie? Did I understand you to say the fellow was a count?"

Agnes nodded.

"He can't help it, you know, dad dear. He was born that way. But I'm sorry you call him a fellow. If I'd have said his name was Tom Smith and that he lived at Eau Claire, you'd have called him a gentleman—wouldn't you, now?"

"It may be he can't help being a count—though I guess he could if he tried hard enough—but you can help being a countess, Aggie."

"But why try?"

"Why try what?"

"Why try not to be a countess?"

The old man pushed back his chair with an oath.

"I won't have you make a fool of yourself," he said with profane emphasis. "I won't be made a fool of either! You think I'll have word going around over the State that ole Abe Darcy's daughter's gone and married one of the foreign impostors with a title to his name? I've stood for democracy all my life and lived it. I won't go kowtowing now to any French puppy with a handle to his name, and I won't see my money go to pay for his gambling and his mistresses, I'm damned if I will!"

"Don't father, don't," pleaded Dick, anxious at the sight of the flaming color in the stern old face. "Let it go now. Don't spoil Aggie's first meal at home."

The girl was sitting up pale and erect in her place, her lips trembling a trifle, but quite prepared to offer a defence of her point of view.

"I think you are putting your prejudices in the balance against my happiness, dad," she said. The tone was as obstinate as Abe Darcy's own, the sentence such a one as he had used more than once to puncture the wind-bag of some fellow-law-maker down in the halls of the State legislative chambers in the days when he was a Representative.

"Well, if we've got to argue the thing out, let's do it now and have it over with," said her father, preparing for combat with the whole force of his palpitating and egotistical organism. "Now, let's begin at the beginning. What do you know about him? What—what are his credentials?"

"Credentials, dad? What does the word mean—out here? Who in this town ever had any? What are they, anyhow? I'll wager you don't know. You've heard of them, no doubt, but you've always accepted men on the strength of their personality, haven't you? You've a genius for finding out the men you want, or the men who will be useful to you, or whom you can trust. I've heard over and over again that that's been the secret of your success. Well, all I ask is that you meet the count and judge him as honestly and impartially as if he were not a man of title, and as if I didn't intend to marry him. Will you do that?"

The old man's face was far from pleasant to look at. His eyes were becoming points of steel-blue fire. He was going from a red to a white rage.

"He ain't got any money, of course?" The girl looked at her father with a hint of contempt in her smile.

"I never asked to see his bank-book, dad. I believe you had no money when you married mamma, but you wouldn't have liked to have been under suspicion on that account. He was acting as the Paris correspondent for some American papers before he left France. I understand he's considered a brilliant correspondent."

"Why didn't he stay in Paris then and stick to his job?"

"He has been led to believe that a man of ability can make his way in America." This was a favorite theory of Darcy, who had no sympathy with failure in any form.

"Ability in what? Ability in marrying a fool of a girl with a rich father? The game's played out." Suddenly he quite broke down.

He put his big head in his hands, and began to sob.

The girl ran toward him and flung her arms about his neck, and Dick drew near and stood patting his father on the back with an unconscious and perturbed hand.

"Oh, dad, don't take it so hard. I suppose I didn't realize how much you wanted me to stay at home! And I will—for a long time. Don't cry, dearest, I can't bear it."

"You can't understand, Aggie! You

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can't! What do you know about the world? You think I could let you go out from this house to be dragged over Europe to be insulted by a lot of half-crazy, thin-blooded upstarts with titles? They're an immoral, drunken lot, daughter, and I can't have your heart broken and my money guzzled and spent on dancing girls, and you kicked out after the money's gone! Oh, Aggie, you wouldn't think I could ever look your mother in the face if that happened!" The girl forced the heavy head up from the table and kissed the forehead dutifully.

"All I ask of you, father, is to see Henri and to talk with him."

The seething indignation broke loose again.

"Henri?" he shouted, getting to his feet. "The damned fool! If his name is Henry, why don't he call himself so? Henri! Henri!" His voice had a provincial's scorn in it.

His daughter went up to him and kissed him square on the mouth, which took courage under the circumstances.

"I'll call him Henry if you'd rather, father," she said, smiling.

"I don't want you to call him anything," he began, somewhat mollified in spite of himself. But she cut him short.

"Well," she said, stroking his coat-sleeve, "I won't. I'll just think about him. And now please be good to me—till he comes."

She made him take her all over the house and show her every change, and then he took her "down street" and presented her to his friends.

As she walked beside him, erect, delicately poised, with an air about her which enchanted, yet embarrassed him, he glowed with a parent's holy pride; and when a sudden recollection brought her tale of love back to him, he groaned aloud in anguish of soul. He remembered the stories of American wives beaten and American fathers-in-law despoiled; and, looking at the loveliness of the girl beside him, he swore to protect her against herself even at the cost of sacrificing her love for him.

CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT later there appeared in town a remarkable stranger, who, having registered at the hotel, presented himself, first at the home of the Darcys, and then at the office of the Crœsus of the pine country.

It was an office in which great men of affairs had been given audience. Fabulous sums of money had exchanged hands there. Tracts of pine-land for which a million dollars in cash had been paid had been transferred under that roof. Enormous interests in salt and copper and shipping and remote mines of phosphates and turquoises and claims of river pearls had been negotiated. But of the thousands of men who had entered at the swinging door, it is doubtful if any had ever gone upon such an errand or in such a frame of mind as did Henri de Chateroux.

He was upon an errand of love, and that set his pulses beating; but something beside the proximity of his sweetheart stirred his blood. The biting autumn air, more vigorous and balsamic than any which had hitherto met his nostrils, the whirl of the red leaves, the white-capped bay, the sharp bluster of the saw-mills, and the sight of the woodsmen, gay in attire and reckless in demeanor, hallooing about the streets, excited him because of its foreignness to anything he had ever known.

A half-breed passed him, singing an old French song made long ago by the Canadian river men, and the count in passing gave him a salute.

"*Allons*, comrade!" he called.

The man stared at the trim Parisian and made a belated gesture of friendliness as he passed and went on down the street, still singing.

"There was once an ancestor of mine," mused the count, "who, having had a sorrow, left his château in the vicinity of Amélie-les-Bains and followed the fortunes of Frontenac. I remember hearing tales of him, and how he came at last to be a trapper of the little fur-bearing creatures of the wilderness, sailing away up among the lakes of the unexplored country. He died among the Indians. I suppose"—he sighed and shook his head—"I suppose he had forgotten France!"

He read all the signs that he passed, and stopped to examine everything that seemed to him curious, and when he reached the office of Abraham Darcy, he went in with a determined air.

He was an inch over six feet in height, and somewhat slighter than he should have been, to have preserved proportion; his

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shoulders were narrow and sloping; his face long, dark, and distinctive. A tender mustache darkened his upper lip, and astonishingly long lashes shaded his eyes, which were shadowy and timid, like those of an affectionate, highly-bred animal.

His garments consisted of an ultra-long frock-coat, black trousers, a white waistcoat of brocaded piqué, a high silk hat, and dove-colored gloves. A delicate perfume emanated from him, and he bore himself like one bent upon a pleasant and important errand. Within the outer door of the office he looked about him for some page to whom to present his card, but finding none, entered the inner room apologetically, and ran full tilt, so to speak, on the poignard-like glance of Abraham Darcy. It was a sharp thrust, but not mortal, and he bowed with obvious respect. Abe Darcy considered himself astute, but he made the mistake of estimating this elaborate courtesy as servility. He nodded and glowered from under those heavy, weather-bleached eyebrows of his. The young man advanced, murmuring a few somewhat incoherent words, and laid his card before Mr. Darcy, who scrutinized it for an unnecessary length of time and then said in a business-like tone:

"Take a chair." Henri de Chateroux seated himself.

"What can I do for you," asked the old woodsman, with insulting briskness. If he expected an embarrassed reply he did not receive it.

"My business is of such a nature, Mr. Darcy, that it will hardly admit of the easy dismissal which your tone suggests," said the young man amiably, and in English which had but the least definable accent. The old man leaned back comfortably in his chair and appeared to be none the less pleased that the duel was to be with a man of mettle.

"And the nature of the business, sir?"

"I suppose you're not entirely ignorant of it, Mr. Darcy. At least I hope you aren't. It is to ask the hand of your daughter."

This seemed very quaint and old-fashioned to Abe Darcy. He was amused and secretly a trifle embarrassed. To cover this embarrassment he answered with direct brutality:

"How am I to know that you are the man you represent yourself to be?"

"Ah!" cried the young man with an amiable and expansive gesture, "you ask no more than I should if I were in your place. Believe me, sir, I take no offence. Kindly give me a piece of paper, and I will write the names and addresses of friends with whom you may correspond."

Abraham Darcy pushed a pad of paper toward him grudgingly; the young man helped himself to a pen and wrote a list of names.

"At your disposal, sir," he said, presenting the paper. Abe Darcy adjusted his glasses laboriously and perused the list.

"There are too many of the nobility here for a plain man like me," he said rudely.

The count flushed slightly, but he bit his lip and preserved his temper.

"You have a feeling for the Republic, sir? I also have the same—at times it is an enthusiasm. If it pleases you, you may address my friends as citizens. You will perceive, too, that I have given you the name of your American representative at Paris. No doubt he is a plain man."

The old man folded up the piece of paper and put it in his pocket.

"What is your occupation?" he asked next. "How do you earn your living?"

"For the past two years I have been acting as a newspaper correspondent at Paris."

"For what papers?"

Henri de Chateroux told him.

"Did you make sufficient to keep a wife as my daughter is in the habit of being kept?"

"No. But your daughter expresses herself as willing to make sacrifices."

Darcy changed the topic.

"I have always expected Agnes to marry an American."

The young man made a deprecatory gesture.

"Sir, that is a matter over which I have no control—my nationality. I do not apologize for being a Frenchman."

"Better go back and marry a Frenchwoman," said the old man insolently.

"But I am not anxious for marriage for the sake of marrying. This is no *mariage de convenance*. I love your daughter. I cannot be happy without her. I believe, also, that I am necessary to her happiness. I therefore followed her here."

"You came a long way to no purpose," said the old man obstinately.

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"You will have the goodness to tell me why it is to no purpose, Mr. Darcy?"

Abe Darcy offered a cigar which the count took impatiently; and Darcy lit a fresh weed himself.

"I'm going to treat you fair, Mr. De Chateroux," he said. "I'm going to explain. The truth is, and I say it to your face, we've a prejudice against gentlemen of title over here. Our American girls have not always had good luck with 'em, sir."

"Have they always been fortunate in their marriages with untitled men, Mr. Darcy? Moreover, I assure you that my title is nothing to me. It is a habit—little more—a habit of which I can break myself if you think it more becoming for me to do so."

"I'm not going to give you any advice," said the old man sharply, "for the reason that I hope my association with you is to end to-day. It would mortify me more than I can make you understand to have my daughter marry a man who wasn't an American born and bred. She'd make herself a laughing-stock—I told her so quite plainly. She told you I said that, didn't she? I know you called on her, for she telephoned to me that you were on the way down to the office."

"Why, the truth is, sir, she told me nothing. She begged me to come here at once. That seemed strange, too, for it was I, not she, who insisted upon the personal presentation of my plea."

"Hum! Yes, Aggie thought I'd like you. Well, I don't. I don't like your—your set. Understand? It ain't a personal matter exactly. Perhaps if you were an American and could look after yourself, and had some git-up-and-git to you, I'd take to you well enough. But I'm mortal afraid of the habits of you foreigners. Now, that's frank, ain't it? I'm treating you better than I intended, upon my soul I am. Your drinking and your mistresses and all—they don't suit me. We make companions of our wives over here. We consult 'em and respect 'em, and, by God, we're true to 'em—even after they're dead, some of us! I don't say there ain't plenty of hypocrites and fast livers among us. There is, God knows! But we have our ideals, sir, and they're different from yours."

The young man arose slowly. He was pale, and his sensitive, boyish lips were trembling. It seemed as if tears lurked behind those soft, animal-looking eyes. He seemed very youthful, and far more tender than an American of his age would have looked. There was every evidence of unsophistication about him in spite of his grace and ease of address.

"My virtues are not matters I can very well talk about, Mr. Darcy," he said gently, his voice not quite firm, and the hurt of the insult showing in the droop of his whole figure. "I suppose no man is good enough for a woman like your daughter—no man! But as for drinking and mistresses, sir—well, I've not profaned my life, whether you believe it or not. My mother—" he broke off and did not finish his sentence. "I wish I were not going to put myself in an attitude of defiance to you, Mr. Darcy. If we were going to be friends, and you were as willing to like me as I am to like you, I'd be more honored than I can say." He looked at the old man wistfully, but there was no sign of capitulation in the stern old face. "But the truth is, I can't give up the hope of my life to gratify your prejudice, Mr. Darcy, and I don't mean to be disrespectful in saying so, sir. I'll make a way for myself somehow as well, perhaps, as—as the commonest of your Americans. Then, in time, maybe, you'll reconsider. You must, Mr. Darcy! In pure justice you'll do it!"

"I think not," said the old man, close as an oyster, and turned to his writing.

"Am I to be allowed to call on Agnes?"

"I am taking it for granted that your acquaintance with her is over and done with. What's the sense in drawing out the agony?" he asked coarsely.

"But you must permit me to call once, sir. I must explain, don't you see? I must tell her that I mean to achieve"—for the first time he hesitated as if the English did not prove sufficiently facile for his ideas—"I must achieve your consideration."

Abe Darcy made no comment, and the young man, taking this silence for consent, bowed with ceremony to the unresponding magnate, and left.

He went straight to Agnes Darcy, and they were together for an hour—he had meant it to be fifteen minutes when he called. When they parted his eyes were shining as only the eyes of youth can.

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They said foolish things, though they both knew they ought to have been talking sense, when there was so much to say.

"Don't change too much," she whispered to him. "Don't grow too American. I like you as you are, you know."

"Not too American! I thought you desired——"

"Oh, I mean, not too old! And be patient, won't you? Unless you think it isn't worth while to——"

His interruption was an assurance such as lovers understand. With the soft illuminating happiness upon his face he looked more like a boy than ever, as he went away down the street. The fashionables of the town, living in the houses adjacent to the Darcys, scanned him with curious eyes.

"Well, Aggie's taking a boy to raise," they said.

Every one took it for granted that here was the event whose coming had cast its shadow before in the dreamy eyes of Agnes Darcy, and when the evening paper conveyed the intelligence that Henri Frederick Louys, Comte de Chateroux, of Paris, France, was registered at the Winchell House, there was much sardonic interest.

"Have you seen Aggie's count?" the young men asked of one another with profane mirth. The girls giggled when they met. They tried to think the situation ridiculous; but secretly it gave them all a longing for romance; and they looked with critical eyes at their familiar and matter-of-fact admirers.

The days wore away. Henri de Chateroux, in those faultless costumes which had known the boulevards of Paris, walked alone by the side of the river watching the melancholy flow of its waters, or visited the saw-mills, or chatted with the woodsmen on the landings, or went to the post-office after trains. Once a day he appeared on horseback and rode with a foot poised daintily in the stirrup. Also, at times, Agnes Darcy rode, but she did not ride with him. They passed each other, saluted, and looked not back.

This was diverting—exceedingly! One local paragrapher went so far as to remark that it seemed as if, in a day of so many modern improvements, the course of true love ought to run smoothly. Abe Darcy's private secretary was seen to visit the newspaper office close on the heels of the publication of this inanity, and facetious paragraphs of that sort appeared no more.

The hotel clerk gave it out that the count was not half a bad fellow, and some of the men at the hotel made overtures; but these the Frenchman received rather timidly. He did not understand the hearty frankness of the frontier American, and drew into himself with sensitive apprehension. Perhaps he suspected that curiosity was a substantial constituent of that cordiality.

Meantime, while he was waiting for the culmination of his tragedy, with that impatience for the worst which the young feel, he saw her pass to and from the shops, or the church—she was a Protestant, poor child!—he marked her visiting the little hospital which her father's charity supported; and saw her calling at the houses of her friends. Often they were so far apart that a nod of the head could not be seen; and both of them refrained from a wave of the hand. Yet he knew she saw him. He knew she was conscious of his reverent espionage. Besides, he received messages. As, for example, one day, under a shivering sky, he passed along the terrace by the river, and, opposite the old red-brick house, lifted his eyes to a certain little bow-window on the second story. There was no face framed there, as there had sometimes been when he passed, but the white curtains were tied back with new ribbons, the tricolor of France. So the young man went on smiling, and, sucking his delicate sorrow from his full rose of love denied—not without some appreciation of the sweetness of his sorrow—came upon the half-breed whom he had addressed a few days before, who was now on his way from the island saw-mill.

"My friend," he said, speaking in French, "I like your singing. That song you sang the other day was a good one."

The half-breed laughed.

"My father, he sing it better," he replied in patois.

"Your father?"

"A trapper and hunter—a Frenchman, yes. My mother, she was Indian. A squaw. I am not an Indian. No, I am a Frenchman."

"Why, then," said Henri, "since I also am a Frenchman, and know almost no one here, perhaps you will be good enough to take dinner with me and answer some questions I would like to ask of you."

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The man laughed again. It was an acceptance.

"And where shall it be?" asked De Chateroux. "Is it to be at the hotel?"

For answer the man led the way down toward the wharves, and in the shadow of one of them, beneath the embankment, he turned into a place, half-cellar and half-shed, where the odor of broiling fish made its way to their nostrils through the smoky atmosphere. There was much noise, and De Chateroux discovered that the place was filled with woodsmen who were evidently taking their last meal together before separating for their various camps; for their "turkeys," or travelling-bags of gunny sacking, were piled high in one corner.

"This is good," cried the count. "Comrade, make me known. My name is Chateroux, and I had an ancestor who—" but the urbanity of the half-breed interrupted him.

"Christiansen, this is Chateroux—a Frenchman, like me. Johnson, make you known to a friend of mine, Chateroux."

They ate broiled fish together and drank bad coffee.

"Going up to the camps?" asked the men of the young Parisian.

De Chateroux laughed as gayly as he could for the bitterness there was in his heart.

"Where can I meet with one of the overseers?" he inquired.

The men made that easy. They were good-natured, and hated to have a good fellow out of a job.

Ah, the gay furore of the Bois de Boulogne, the vivacity of the *foyers*, the buzz of the *cafés!*

They died away, and the voices of the unknown solitude substituted their weird clamor.

(*To be continued.*)

A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

By Margaret Busbee Shipp.

"TO a man who makes a study of faces," said Judge Tyler, "murder is written all over that vacuous face of Greene's."

"Especially after he's committed it," murmured the Colonel. "Well, I reckon I'd better be driving you back to court; it's about one o'clock."

When they reached the court-room, hot and sweltering on that July day, Colonel Fairfax stepped inside for a few minutes. Greene's counsel was still haggling over the jury. He had exhausted his last peremptory challenge, and only one man was needed to complete the twelve.

The Judge held a brief colloquy with the Sheriff, and then, to Fairfax's annoyed surprise, he heard his name called. He looked at the Judge, and in a flash the situation was clear. Judge Tyler knew the prisoner was guilty; he was in a hurry to end the case and be free to drive over to Willard's in the cool of the morning. Fairfax was just the man to hurry up an uninteresting, one-sided case.

Colonel Fairfax turned toward the prisoner—a miserable, white-faced wretch, palsied with fear, shaking from his recent debauch, a pitiable spar of the flotsam of humanity.

Fairfax took the oath and stepped into

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the jury box. The witnesses proved that both men had been drinking heavily, they quarrelled, fought, Greene's knife struck a vital spot, and West fell, bleeding to death.

The defendant's attorney, assigned by the Court, put in a lame plea that the deceased was the aggressor; the Judge charged the jury, and they retired.

Every word of the lawyer's half-hearted defense, the Judge's positive charge (for Tyler never left a jury in doubt as to his opinion), had made the blood boil in Colonel Fairfax's veins. If a yellow cur is shot for sucking eggs, there is some one to say, "Poor brute!" but this fellow-creature's fate had stirred no emotion in any heart there but to get through with it as speedily as possible.

The first ballot stood eleven for conviction, one for acquittal.

The foreman looked apologetically at Colonel Fairfax.

"Colonel, I don't know who is the one as cast such a fool vote, but I'm sorry for his trifling to be taking up your time, sir."

"I'm the fool who cast it," said Fairfax, good humoredly, which so knocked up the foreman's opinion of his own judgment that the next ballot stood two for acquittal.

The men had some discussion among themselves, and the third ballot stood four for acquittal, eight for hanging. The fourth and fifth showed the same result.

Colonel Fairfax looked the men squarely in the face.

"Boys, when one —— drunken scoundrel kills another —— drunken scoundrel in a brawl, is that a cause to hang him by the neck? Murder comes from the black heart: this blow came from the fuddled head. You knew that pair, Greene and West; there wasn't a toss-up to choose between them. When Greene found that he had killed his partner, he burst into maudlin sobs; not that he cared for him, I reckon, but that West was about the only fellow around who was no-account enough to like Greene's society. Both were fighting, both had knives; it was just Greene's bad luck that West did not kill him before he could kill West. I couldn't go home to-day, sirs, and take my toddy in peace if I thought I had hung a damn fool because he took too much whisky. Let us have the ballot, gentlemen."

Ten for acquittal, two against. Fairfax looked keenly around to spot them. Old Billy Suggs's mouth was held firm, his forehead lowering. A "free Negro," Sam Anthony, had a pleased smirk. He was holding to his vote in the face of the autocratic Colonel, and was enjoying the situation.

"It looks like we'll be a hung jury," said the Colonel, "and the next jury won't give that poor devil his overdue, as we are doing. At least, if we meet that poor wretch in the great hereafter, ten of us can be thankful that we showed him mercy here. I should not fear if that man should haunt my dreams, with the rope choking the black tongue out of his throat, for I could say: 'My hands did not tie the noose!'"

The Colonel's voice rose dramatically. Superstitious, as all his race are, Anthony quailed.

"Boss, less have anudder ballot."

Now it stood eleven to one, but the stratagem that had gained the Negro's vote had made Suggs all the more obstinate. His little eyes looked red and angry.

Suddenly Fairfax addressed him by name, with a sternness none of them had ever heard the kindly old Colonel use.

"Suggs, we have been Whigs together since we were twenty-one. I would set fire to my plantation, or let the blood out of my veins, to see Henry Clay where he ought to be to-day—in the President's chair! But because I am a Whig I am an honorable man. Whigs are beaten by political tricksters because they scorn to stoop from principles to tricks. Look in your heart, Bill. Are you voting to hang that drunken fool Democrat because the drunken fool that he killed was a Whig? Look into your heart!"

Perhaps for a moment Suggs saw the venom there, for he threw up his hands.

"God A'mighty!" he yelled. "Let that Democrat go!"

The jury filed into the court-room. Judge Tyler, openly impatient, asked for the verdict.

"Not guilty!" said the foreman, and the prisoner at the bar gave a quavering squawk, like a hen that escapes from a fox.

. . . . . .

Tyler and Fairfax drove back in silence. Not until he was knocking the ashes out of his second pipe did the Judge thaw out enough to speak.

"Tom," he said gruffly, "what made you influence those fools to acquit that rascal."

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Fairfax was silent for a moment, and then he answered gently:

"You have known me fifty years—boys, college mates, men, together—and I have never shut my mind from you. Yet you put me on that jury to help hang that poor beast. You thought I would do it! A judge of character! . . . But which of us is that? We do not know our own hearts. When we filed into the court-room, and you sat there, prosperous, easy-living, honored in your State, in a hurry to kick Greene's carcass out of the way of our drive to-morrow—as God is my witness, I would rather have put the rope around your neck than his. And yet I swear I love you more than any man alive."

The Judge cleared his throat twice.

"I know you do, Tom. Let us——"

His words broke off abruptly, but he held out his hand, and his old friend grasped it hard.

MISS BIXBY'S INDIAN ROMANCE.

By John H. Raftery.

LITTLE Miss Bixby was quite a heroine in her own way. Her fame as a missionary had even penetrated the Back Bay, and in some sections of Boston a pretty little romance was in circulation, of which a stalwart Indian brave was the hero and the demure old maid was the "leading lady." For by this time Miss Bixby *was* an old maid—one of those yellow-haired, winsome little spinsters whose years you can never guess unless you know something of their histories.

Miss Bixby was quite proud of the story of how she converted old One Horn Bull, the Apache, convinced him of the sin of bigamy and contrived to bring about his separation from all his squaws but one.

"He was really a very sweet old gentleman," she would explain, "and seemed fully to appreciate the horrors of his past. Why, when I first went amongst the Apaches, Mr. Bull—that's what we always called him—had seven wives and the Lord knows how many children. I spent nearly four months explaining the evils of bigamy and praying for him before he could make up his mind to put away all but his first squaw. They called her Silver Pig—think of it! and she had one child, a boy. Here they are."

And Miss Bixby would get out a photograph of old One Horn Bull and his wife, Silver Pig, standing by the cottage that the Government had built for them.

"That was one of the first houses finished for the Apaches, and we almost got them to live in it," she would go on. "I spent nearly two weeks telling Mr. and Mrs. Bull how nice it would be to live in a real house, as we white Christians do, instead of an old, smoky teepee. At last they agreed to ride over with us and look at the 'cottage.' And here they are! Isn't he a handsome old chieftain? And see his wife? Not half bad-looking, I say."

"How did they like the house?" I asked Miss Bixby.

"Oh, they took possession all right, but they couldn't get used to board floors and glass windows; so they just turned it into a stable—put their ponies into it—and set up their teepee about a mile away near the river. You can't expect these poor savages to take up *all* our ideas at once, you know; and I think it was quite sufficiently encouraging to see Mr. Bull abandon all his wives but one."

"What became of all the others and their children?"

"I daresay they did very well. One can't hope to reclaim a whole family at once, can one? But I'm sure Mr. Bull's eldest son (his mother was Silver Pig—that is, his mother was the Mrs. Bull you see here in the picture) did very well, indeed. I baptized him myself and he afterward went to college and became a very cultivated gentleman. Oh, he was *so* handsome!"

Here little Miss Bixby would roll her liquid blue eyes in an ecstatic manner that convinced us all that her gentle heart was specially tender toward this educated Indian.

"The dear, delightful fellow!" she exclaimed in an enthusiastic burst of confidence to Mrs. Van Prost. "You should have seen him the day I baptized him. He wore the war feathers and paint of a young chief. His long, black braided hair was gay with red and blue ribbons. I'm afraid you'd have been shocked at his attire, for—" (whispering).

She would clap her thin hands and say that "her brave"—his Christian name was John Thomas Horn—wrote to her at least once a month, and sometimes as often as every week for months at a time.

"How I should like to see him!" she once said to me. "But," sighing, "I suppose it

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must not be! It should be enough for me to know that he is leading a model life and that I was the weak instrument which turned his thoughts and habits from savagery."

Such talk running on for a period of nearly five years in a Boston community was sure to give rise to some very imaginative romances, and half the women who knew little Miss Bixby believed that she was deeply in love with the Apache, John Thomas Horn. The members of the Franklin Psychological Sewing Circle were shown some of his letters, and the one beginning "Dear, Sweet Miss Bixby" caused considerable comment. But it was Miss Bixby's refusal of Mr. Twikhearn, the Scotch assistant at Girard Mission, that finally focussed interest in the little spinster's Indian romance. The discarded clergyman let out the secret that "Miss Bixby's heart was already pledged."

What, therefore, could be more natural than that Mrs. Van Prost, who was very rich and a natural match-maker, should set her heart on bringing Miss Bixby and her Indian sweetheart together once more. The idea of beholding with her own eyes the bold son of old One Horn Bull in all the glory of his beads and feathers fascinated the romantic old widow. So she planned a trip into the Indian country and determined that Miss Bixby, who seemed to be pining away—doubtless with deferred yearnings for her heart's delight—should be one of the party. The little missionary was beyond expression delighted at the proposal, and without delay began her preparations for the visit to her old protégés, the Apaches. She bought a big silver watch for old One Horn, whom she persisted in calling "Mr. Bull"; she got a red and blue shawl for his wife, and four or five handsome books for her hero—John Thomas Horn. She must have written a dozen postal cards to Mr. Horn on her way west; and she spent many a half-hour preparing her friends against any disappointment they might feel when face to face with her Indian friends.

"I guess you'll be surprised when you find Mr. Horn dressed about the same as Mr. Haskins here," she would say. "You see, he has become quite a business man, wears Caucasian clothes, and, I understand, goes to church regularly. Of course he would look more romantic in feathers and beads, but——"

Haskins, who was one of Mrs. Van Prost's party and who had a genuine admiration for Miss Bixby, told me the rest of this story.

"You see, it was nearly seven years since Miss Bixby had been amongst the Indians," he said, "and I don't doubt that she really believed they were very fine and noble. It's so easy for a good-hearted, romantic woman to get on rose-colored spectacles and idealize about things till she has not only convinced her friends, but herself also. We all knew about her interest in this John Thomas Indian, so we were naturally on the tiptoe of expectation until we got to Fort Sill and saw him. If there's anything sneakier and meaner looking than an Apache Indian in his warlike nakedness, it's an Apache dressed in the full habiliments of civilization, and this Indian Horn struck me as about the meanest example of the human coyote that I ever beheld. But, of course, Mrs. Van Prost and Miss Bixby didn't see him that way.

"'You're not married, are you?' began Mrs. Van Prost, putting up her lorgnette, and anxious to start the match-making right.

"'No marry, missus,' grunted John Thomas, showing his teeth in an effort to smile; 'marry cost too much. Me got two squaws.'

"Miss Bixby got a trifle pale at this, and I tried to distract her attention. But Mrs. Van Prost blundered right on with: 'Squaws? What do you mean?' John Thomas went round a corner of the new railroad station and beckoned to somebody. Soon two Indian women, one of them rather pretty, appeared and stood awkwardly before us in the sunshine. 'These my squaws,' explained the buck. 'This Moonflower,' pointing to the pretty one; 'this Bay Dog,' and he indicated the homely one.

"I saw Miss Bixby was getting a bit blue about the lips, so I took her up to the hotel and bought her a glass of wine; she hadn't a word to say. I left her as soon as Mrs. Van Prost came back, and went after our friend, John Thomas Indian, and his family. I found that he was very clever even for an Indian; lived in a house, as Miss Bixby had taught his parents to do; kept a good store and made considerable money trafficking with his own race. But so far as appreciating or holding dear any of the finer sentiments of Christianity, this Indian was an utter failure. He told me that he expected some day, when he had 'made rich enough,' to 'maybe marry nice white lady!'

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"I asked him if he had any children and he said 'Oh, yes. Let's see, two boys, three girls—one Moonflower boy, one Moonflower girl—two Bay Dog boys—no—let's see.' The rascal couldn't count his own children.

"The queer part of it," concluded Haskins, "and to me the sad part of it, was the light in which poor little Miss Bixby looked at the matter. We tried to console her with assurances that one cannot expect Indians to grasp the whole meaning of Christianity in one generation; that they must acquire it piecemeal. I pointed out the fact that old One Horn Bull had learned to eschew bigamy but would not live in a house or wear Christian clothes; while his son had gone to college, dressed like a white man, lived in a decent house, but still clung to bigamy.

"But Miss Bixby only wiped away the tears that trembled in her pale blue eyes and said: 'It's my own fault. I should have stayed amongst them. Think of what I could have taught that poor John Thomas in seven years.'"

And to this day she has never forgiven herself.

ADESTE FIDELES.—AN ACCIDENT.

By Rudolph Block.

CHRISTMAS had fallen on a Saturday; Christians and Jews alike were at their devotions. Some were singing praises of the Lord; some were asking when the Messiah would come.

It was a tranquil day. The streets were carpeted with snow; the customary roar of traffic had given way to quietude, and there was no discordant sound to mar the melody of organ and choir that rose from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament and penetrated to the innermost rooms of the surrounding tenements. It penetrated even to rooms where the cantor's voice in sonorous singsong was reciting the Covenant that God made with the Children of Israel.

Marmovitch, shovelling the snow from the sidewalk opposite the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, was softly humming the melody which the organ was pealing forth. It was the "Adeste Fideles" that is sung in every Catholic church on Christmas Day—a song of triumph through which there runs an undersong of sorrow as of crying hearts:

"Adeste fideles
Laeti triumphantes!"

The vibrant organ-tones filled the whole street, and Marmovitch softly hummed the melody, while the choir sang, "Hasten, ye faithful, with hearts truly grateful." "Adeste Fideles," hummed Marmovitch, musing the while over many curious ideas that the song brought to his mind.

The charm of Christmas appealed to him strongly. The real significance of the day had no meaning for him; to him it was an American institution, for in Russia, where he had spent his youth and early manhood, the barrier of the Ghetto that separated Jews from Christians served also to keep from each a clear knowledge of the religion of the other.

Since he had been in this country Christmas had meant to him a holiday of good cheer when many of the tenants of the house of which he was janitor gave him gifts and when all the world seemed to smile so pleasantly.

Yet what had he to do with Christmas? He believed in none of its significance. It was a day of mummery—mummery of a pleasant kind, perhaps, but for all that, mummery as meaningless to Marmovitch as the droning chant of the cantor in the synagogue next door—for Marmovitch believed as little in the tenets of the one religion as of the other.

In his ill-fitting garments the gaunt figure of Marmovitch, with his patriarchal beard and a flaming red scarf round his neck, presented a shining target to a small boy who stood close by holding a new sled—his Christmas present—in the one hand and a snowball in the other. He was a rosy-cheeked toddler of six or seven years, with blue eyes that danced with mischief. Taking careful aim, he threw the snowball at the old man. It struck him full in the face, and the child ran off, laughing with glee. Marmovitch wiped the snow from his eyes and shook his fist at the youngster. A few minutes later he had forgotten him when another snowball struck him on the ear. "Confound that little imp," he muttered, "he will keep this up all day."

Marmovitch now rolled a tremendous snowball for himself and threw it with might and main at the enemy, but the ball flew

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many yards wide of his mark, while an answering snowball that struck the old man on the chin attested the accuracy of the little rascal's aim. It was great sport for the little fellow and his merry laughter showed how keenly he enjoyed it. His victim was powerless to do aught but dodge the snowballs that now followed one another with painful rapidity, and this he did quite successfully until the lad tired of the amusement and resumed playing with his sled. With a feeling of relief Marmovitch went on with his shovelling and began to hum the "Adeste Fideles" once more.

In front of the next house stood a truck from which the horses had been taken. The truck was piled high with huge wooden boxes over which the snow had fallen quite deep, softening their sharp outlines and filling the spaces between them in such a way that the whole mass presented the form of a pyramid.

Marmovitch's youthful assailant now began to climb this pyramid, dragging his sled after him with the evident intention of coasting down the steep incline which the pile presented. After long, laborious effort he reached the top, where, pausing to look around him, he emitted a gleeful hurrah of triumph. The shout attracted the attention of Marmovitch, who, seeing the little fellow perched upon this point of vantage, feared that another bombardment of snowballs was about to begin. But the next moment he saw something that struck a swift, sharp chill to his heart. The topmost box had begun to slide downward.

The shovel fell from Marmovitch's hands. The next instant he was bounding toward the truck.

"Jump," he cried in a voice of terror. "Jump, boy! Jump!"

The lad turned toward him, bewildered. And now the topmost box was sliding swiftly, and the whole mass had become loosened; the boy had lost his footing and had slipped down into a space between two of the boxes. With one bound Marmovitch sprang upon the truck.

Quicker than thought he dragged the lad from his perilous position and flung him backward upon the snow-covered sidewalk. Then, with a splintering crash, the whole pyramid of boxes fell upon Marmovitch, who uttered one wild scream of pain and lay crushed underneath the mass.

"Hasten, ye faithful, with hearts truly grateful!" sang the choir. Then arose the majestic chorus:

"Venite adoremus
Venite adoremus
Venite adoremus,
Dominum."

The song ended in a burst of melodious triumph. Marmovitch never stirred.

THE HONEY OF ROMANCE.

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"Lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance,
And must I lose my soul's inheritance?"

STEPHEN MILLBANK'S last morning was exactly what every other week-day morning had been for the twenty-five years of his married life, except for half a dozen brief business absences. The excellent breakfast was put on the table at eight o'clock to the moment by the exemplary maid-servant, just as Mr. Millbank came down the wide front stairs—a handsome but not ostentatious flight—suggesting dignified and self-respecting prosperity. Mrs. Millbank, complete in costume and composed in countenance, was already in the breakfast-room, a careful eye on the details. Not a tremor of premonition came to either of them, nor to the maid-servant waiting respectfully by the sideboard, as he blessed the food provided for their use and shook out his napkin. They talked cheerfully during the meal—both considering cheerful talk valuable to the digestion—of business matters and charitable projects, and decided what he should give toward the new church—a decision she afterward faithfully fulfilled. Then they took their places at the library desk to go over the household accounts of the day before. This was perhaps the most intimate and companionable moment of their daily life together—certainly the most keenly interesting. The expenses were within their margin, as usual, the balance unimpeachable. Mr. Millbank patted his wife's hand with an approving smile.

"My dear, you are a perfect helpmate," he said. He kissed her cheek, and as nine was striking he closed his generous front door behind him for the last time. Dignified, commanding, carrying the stoutness of prosperity but not the fat of self-indulgence, he turned toward the bank which thirty-five

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years before had admitted him as a serious and hard-working clerk and now opened respectfully to him as president. He had been a conscientious little boy, a model student, a vigorous worker, and then, when he had turned his unremitting wisdom to the choice of a wife, an irreproachable husband. The city was proud of him and his flawless career, and the lapses of weaker brothers were seldom discussed in his presence. A man of his unswerving rectitude could not be expected to make allowances. He was admittedly the leading citizen.

An hour later half the city knew that its leading citizen had been struck and instantly killed by an electric car. That the accident was entirely the motorman's fault was little good to Stephen Millbank now; but it brought a certain dim comfort to his widow, as maintaining to the end the fact that never could a foolish or ill-considered act be laid to his account. Unexpected as his death had been, Mr. Millbank's affairs were in perfect order, and the two executors had fulfilled their task within a very few weeks. It was a surprise to them, therefore, six months later, to receive a notice from a safe deposit company stating that the rent on a box held by Mr. Millbank was now due. Among all his neatly catalogued papers there had been no record of any such box. Moreover, there had been plenty of boxes at his disposal in the safe deposit of his own bank, so why should Mr. Millbank maintain one elsewhere? He was not a man to pay out $22 a year for no reason.

"Mr. Millbank was generous in a worthy cause, but he never wasted a cent, not one cent," said Mr. Thompson solemnly over his gray beard.

"Never," agreed Mr. Jerome, pulling at his wiry moustache with nervous fingers. "Have you questioned—Mrs. Millbank about it?"

They lowered their voices decently over her name, out of respect for her bereavement.

"No; I thought it best not to trouble her," said Mr. Thompson. "It is undoubtedly a mistake, but we must go down and see what it means."

They took Mr. Millbank's keys, merely as a formality, and made their way downtown, two keen, sober, grizzled men, not so far above the world's weaknesses as Mr. Millbank had been, yet excellent citizens. The manager of the safe deposit met them with conviction, and showed them the entry made fifteen years before, when Stephen Millbank had rented the box. He himself had gone down to the vaults with Mr. Millbank on that occasion and, after opening the box, had turned away while something was put in. Mr. Millbank had never returned, but his check had come with perfect regularity ever since. A key was identified as that belonging to the box.

"Strange that there should have been no memorandum, with Mr. Millbank's habits," said Mr. Jerome, as they followed the manager to the vaults.

"And $22 a year—very extraordinary, very," nodded Mr. Thompson.

The box was opened and the manager discreetly turned his back while Mr. Thompson took out a package clumsily wrapped in white tissue. As the shape made itself felt through the wrapping, he turned a little pale and drew nearer to Mr. Jerome, with a glance toward the waiting manager. They took off the papers in silence, then stood staring in helpless, dismayed wonder. On Mr. Thompson's unsteady hand was poised a white satin slipper.

It was soiled and frayed with use as well as yellow with time, but is was slim and delicately shaped, curving up from a tiny, pointed toe to an extravagantly high heel. A little ghost of a past perfume seemed to rise with the unfolding of the paper and to hover between the two grizzled, speechless men. Suddenly Mr. Thompson, with a deep breath, gave a warning nod toward the manager's back and thrust the slipper into his pocket.

"Doubtless nothing of importance, nothing at all," he said. "Nevertheless, we will take them home and examine them."

"Yes, certainly," stammered Mr. Jerome.

Five minutes later they were seated side by side in an uptown car in profound silence. Not till they were half-way home did Mr. Thompson speak, and then his head was turned away from his companion.

"If I recollect correctly," he said slowly, "ah—Mrs. Millbank has not a small foot."

"Yes—that is my impression," murmured Mr. Jerome, his eyes looking vacantly in the opposite direction.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOME AT HIGHBURY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A Study of the Man and His Place in English Politics.

By Chalmers Roberts.

ALTHOUGH the choice of Mr. Balfour has put at rest any speculation for the present about the premiership, one still remembers that the first and last argument against Joseph Chamberlain was that he was so hated. He was the one positive man against many negative probabilities. Some one lately built up a long argument against him on the ground that he had no tact in dealing with foreign peoples, seemingly forgetting that there is no reason why the Premier should be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He can control almost any department he chooses or none at all. So these wise prophets all fell back upon the bald assertion that the people who count in England hate him and will never allow him to reach his goal. I often wonder if this boasted "government of gentlemen" can by any chance be also a government of thinkers. And if so, do they read no lesson to their own class in the rise and power of him they call sneeringly "Brummagem Joe"?

Inevitably in this reign he will have the place of his old-time chief in the last, Mr. Gladstone. And it seems a fitting coincidence that he, chief figure of the new reign, was the last minister to see the good Queen before her death. This is not so broad a statement as it might be when one considers how short the reign of Edward VII. will be when compared with that of Victoria. But Mr. Chamberlain is much more the representative of new things than Mr. Gladstone could have been. The Grand Old Man was an aristocrat of the purest type. His family was one which title could not ennoble. The father of the Colonial Secretary would have been greatly honored with a common city knighthood; his son just now would scorn a dukedom. He is the strong man of the people triumphant. He is Birmingham incarnate and Birmingham has always been the least aristocratic of English cities. Its population consists mainly of hard-working dissenters. When it first began to be a manufacturing town its small products were cried down in a corruption of its own name—Brummagem—until the word has

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come to mean anything cheap, pinchbeck. And now, no matter if its rise to wealth and power has silenced its detractors, the great man it sent forth in pride, the man who had made it what it is, still bears almost alone the old derisive brand, is still but "Brummagem Joe." Or, as some nimble-tongued aristocrat has put it, "Joe is quite good enough for Birmingham and Birmingham is good enough for Joe."

The first general American interest in Mr. Chamberlain dated from the announcement in 1887 that he had come to marry the daughter of President Cleveland's Secretary of War. A year previously he had been a member of the commission to negotiate the fisheries treaty. But he did not then attract the attention which his marriage to Miss Endicott brought. Few people remembered the earlier experience of the New York editor who, when the new man first appeared as an extra-Birmingham influence, wrote to ask Mr. Gladstone about him. The reply was: "He is the first man over here who represents what we call an 'American' politician, and he is going to make trouble."

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

If there was an investigation because they could now claim half-interest in him, his wife's countrymen found that he was born on July 8, 1836, in Camberwell. Perhaps they did not know this for the least aristocratic of South London suburbs. Neither could they know that Islington, whither he was taken yet a boy, was if anything worse. The mere names of these two localities will tilt a noble English nose. In fact, there is not the least trace of aristocracy in his ancestry. He is descended from several generations of honest tradesmen, his immediate forebears being well-known workers and dealers in leather. His whole education was obtained in local schools, and at sixteen, the age when young men of the upper classes are looking to the universities, he went to work in his father's leather business. Two years later he went to Birmingham with a cousin to take charge of a small screw factory in which their relations had invested. Here he lived for some years very quietly in bachelor quarters, teaching in the Unitarian Sunday-school, and teaching in the church's night school, which furthered his own studies, and also, if you please, noted as an amateur actor. He worked at his business until, by methods of combination and consolidation, also worthy to be termed "American," he raised it to one of the most valuable properties in the kingdom. By this time he had been twice a widower, had become a leader in local Liberal clubs, was a City Councillor, and in 1873 was elected Mayor. In reading the speeches he made in these days and comparing them with his present position, one is struck with the fact that his career more nearly parallels Beaconsfield's than Gladstone's. For, like Dizzy, he began as a Radical and has come to be the very embodiment of the Imperial idea. He was not taken on his own terms, however, and the country had heard much of the destructive Radical who was Mayor of Birmingham. He had been so outspoken in his opposition to the rule of class that when, in the first year of his mayoralty, the Prince and Princess of Wales came to Birmingham, the whole kingdom was interested to see how "Red Joe" would receive royalty. It was even prophesied that he would refuse to shake hands. He then gave the country the first of many surprises. Next day the *Times* said: "It matters little what Radical views the Mayor of Birmingham holds as long as his conduct is so exemplary. For

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no man ever before delivered a speech to a royal personage which was couched at once in such a tone of courteous homage, manly independence and gentlemanly feeling, which was so perfectly becoming and so much the right thing in every way as that of Mr. Chamberlain." During his three terms as Mayor he transformed Birmingham from a dirty town into a magnificent city. His policy was not only to destroy the many rookeries and slums, but to construct in their place broad avenues and sanitary tenements. This was not accomplished without a widening influence, and when in 1876 he was elected to Parliament general interest in him was well aroused. Among the principles to which he pledged himself at his election were free compulsory national education, the disestablishment of the Church, municipal control of the liquor traffic, the extension of the franchise to all classes, and the equalization of election districts throughout the United Kingdom. This was at the time a very radical platform. He was introduced into the House by John Bright, whose disciple he called himself. The general interest in his appearance was heightened by a foolish blunder. No one had told him of the unwritten law which requires a member to keep his hat off until he has taken the oath. So he kept his hat on in the glare of a thousand eyes until an usher came and asked him to remove it. This was loudly hailed as a piece of Radical defiance. But it was on the occasion of his first speech that the House really became acquainted with him, and it was surprised. He had no appearance of the Radical demagogue. He was no loud Cleon, no black-browed Danton, no yellow, squalid Murat, but a quiet, very well dressed, low-voiced gentleman, wearing (Heaven save the Radical!) a monocle. The record he made for himself then is in curious contrast to his position of to-day. In no country could such a career be traced save England, where it seems the accepted thing that a man's age shall thoroughly contradict his youth. Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury are cases so recent as to show that Chamberlain has only followed a usual course.

He was first of all a pronounced Little Englander, opposed to all manner of expansion. In the late seventies he bitterly opposed the Zulu war against Cetewayo "as part and parcel of a series of wars of annexation which have been waged by England

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.
From a photograph taken in April, 1871.

for the benefit of colonists whose greed was baulked by neither blood nor fire." He opposed the policy of a confederated British South Africa, and demanded the recall of Sir Bartle Frere, the first colonial official to lay down the line of thought supreme to-day. A year or two later he was denouncing the British occupation of Egypt, saying that they should never have been there at all, but now there they must accept the situation until they could find the first favorable opportunity for withdrawing. In regard to the Transvaal, he strongly opposed annexation in 1877, but he was bound to accept it upon entering office with Gladstone, as the British foreign policy is supposed to be continuous. He defended Mr. Gladstone's conduct after the battle of Majuba, saying that if the Transvaal had been a powerful State there would have been no doubt as to the policy to pursue, but that in this case England was strong enough to be magnanimous, and that in any event it would be unwise and practically impossible to retain the Transvaal.

It was in 1880 that he first entered the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone hesitated long

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THE HIGHBURY ORCHID HOUSE.

before he would give the Radicals representation in the Government, and as a way of escape he offered Sir Charles Dilke the Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. When this was promptly declined, he made Mr. Chamberlain President of the Board of Trade, an official who must be ready to answer questions upon subjects as diverse as oleomargarine and the mercantile marine, underground railway tickets and trichinosis, weights and measures and traction engines, American pork, international copyright and lighthouses. In 1880 began the great agitation which may be called the Irish period, as it is likewise the closing period of Gladstone's career. Even at this time Mr. Chamberlain's defense of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy was not always acceptable to his party, for he said of coercion that it was not a policy but a "hateful incident" rendered necessary by the action of certain Irish leaders. In the *Fortnightly* for July, 1885, Mr. Chamberlain strongly advocated Home Rule for Ireland, but one must do him the justice to say that it was a far different scheme than that which Mr. Gladstone finally evolved with the aid of Mr. Parnell.

It was about this time that Mr. Chamberlain's encounters with Lord Salisbury began, and the whole of English political history shows no better matched masters of bitter sarcasm. It was Lord Salisbury who called Mr. Chamberlain "a modern Jack Cade," and the name stuck. On another occasion the noble Marquis wondered how Mr. Gladstone could possibly reconcile two spirits as incompatible as Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) and Mr. Chamberlain, both at that time members of the Cabinet. (It should be noted in passing that Salisbury accomplished the same feat himself for some years.) But the speaker went on to say that he had discovered in their incompatibility the true secret of Mr. Gladstone's zigzag courses. The Government, he said, reminded him of one of the old Dutch clocks he used to see in his boyhood, where an old woman came out of one door if the weather was to be fine, and if the reverse an old man out of another. "I would not for a moment attempt to indicate who is the old man. But you may say that the mechanism of our present political system is this—when it is going to be fine Hartington appears and when Joseph Chamberlain appears look out for squalls."

In the campaign of 1885 Mr. Chamberlain confined his speeches almost wholly to

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THE HALL, HIGHBURY.

domestic issues, for it was known even then that he was at variance with his chief upon the Irish question and hopelessly opposed to Gladstone's foreign policy. When defeat came he said that it had been caused by five P's—Priests, Publicans, Parsons, Parnellites and Protectionists. At this time the Irish who had voted with the Tories held the whip-hand. Mr. Gladstone had appealed to the country to render him independent of Irish aid, and when this was refused he took it as a mandate in their favor and announced that they should have home rule. This was a bomb in his own camp which proved very serious when in a few months he returned to power. Although it had been especially agreed that Mr. Chamberlain was to retain his freedom to assert or oppose the home-rule plan to be evolved, and upon this understanding he entered the new ministry, still most people supposed that he could be depended upon with all the others to stick to his chief. This wonderful power over his followers was best described by Lord Salisbury at the time, who said that "when Mr Gladstone ran down a steep place his majority, like pigs in the Scripture, would follow roaring in grunts of exultation." But here was a pig with his own mind. And when, simultaneously with the statement that the new home-rule bill was ready, it was stated that Chamberlain had retired from the Government, the country was in a measure prepared for the extremity of the bill. So unanimous was the denunciation of the measure that after six months Mr. Gladstone decided to again appeal to the country. He was defeated largely through the efforts of the defected Radicals led by Mr. Chamberlain. The bitterness and abuse of that time, the Irish epithets of traitor and Judas hurled at him, were heard even across the Atlantic. But perhaps the saddest part of it all was the feeling which the Grand Old Man held for some years against the member from Birmingham, more bitter perhaps than that felt for colleagues in defection like John Bright and the Duke of Devonshire. Time, however, has its remedy even for this. It may not be generally known, but it is true, that very shortly before Gladstone's death Mr. Chamberlain wrote to his old chief and asked if he could come and see him. An invitation was extended, and quite alone the two men had a long luncheon together. What happened there will per-

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haps never be told, but one likes to think that at least all personal differences were cleared away and that the sun of a long life did not set in bitterness.

No doubt his old-time colleagues soon came to the conclusion that they had made a serious political mistake in forcing the Unionist Liberals into the Tory camp, and to see the error of their first belief that such a combination could not endure. During the last sixteen years the growth of what is called the Tory democracy has been one of the most interesting features of English politics. Mr. Chamberlain has said himself: "It reminds me of a Yankee agent who in praising the value of an estate he had to sell described it as the most extraordinarily productive land in the whole world. At last the prospective purchaser said: 'Pray, Mr. Agent, is there anything your estate won't grow?' 'Yes; pumpkins won't grow there.' 'Why?' 'Well, the soil is so rich and the vines grow so rapidly that they drag the pumpkins along with them at such a rate they wear them out.' Well, the vine is drawing the pumpkins along in the old Tory party, and this democratic growth is wearing out old Tory principles and traditions."

The story of the last defeat of the Liberals over the home-rule issue and the part played therein by the Liberal Unionists, as the Chamberlain faction is called, is too well known to require repetition here. That aid was promptly recognized when the combine known as Unionists entered office with a great majority of one hundred and fifty in the House and it was understood that Mr. Chamberlain might have any of several portfolios. He was, in fact, spoken of as a Chancellor of the Exchequer *par excellence*, and it was greatly to the public surprise when he announced his acceptance of the Colonial Secretaryship. This office had, as a rule, been held by second-rate men, and the whole record was full of the ignorant indifference they had shown. Here, as heretofore, Mr. Chamberlain knew what he wanted, and verily he got it. Long before it was known that he had strong ideas upon the subject of Imperial unity, as far back as 1884 a Tory critic said that the member for Birmingham was by no means a follower of Mr. Gladstone's "peace-and-retirement-at-any-cost policy." But at the time he entered the Colonial Office few prophets could have foreseen what he foresaw and have believed the feeling of a united Empire could reach the development of to-day. Even Lord Salisbury, speaking not long ago, has called it a phenomenon. This growth can be traced in a long series of acts of the Colonial Secretary, beginning further back than the great council of Colonial Premiers which he originated and over which he presided so successfully during the Diamond Jubilee; through the war for the support of the colony in South Africa so wonderfully upheld by the sister colonies; down to the consummation of Australian federation. One almost fails to comprehend the vast issues and possibilities before the second conference of Colonial Premiers which the Secretary convened to meet in London during the coronation festivities. Undoubtedly they will make haste slowly in supplanting strong sentiment with weak law, but there are questions of interimperial trade and finance and defence which are ripe for settlement. Mr. Chamberlain has already confessed himself in favor of some sort of interimperial free trade. He has gone further than this and encouraged the discussion of a protective tariff union with the colonies. He said: "The establishment of commercial union throughout the Empire would not only be the first step but the main step toward the realization of the most inspiring idea that has ever entered into the minds of British statesmen."

The "red radical Mayor of Birmingham" has travelled a long way, but he has lived to see many of his most cherished and most abused doctrines become but matters of daily commonplace. The last enlargement of the franchise, free national education and workmen's compensation laws, all bear marks of his work. For old-age pensions and the government housing of the poor he is still fighting with at least no accusation of socialism to deal with. But it is still strange to hear him defend the occupation of Egypt and the reconquest of the Soudan, even if the situation there defends itself. It is on such occasions that his enemies call him Judas and quote him against himself. His friends say that "he has risen year by year on stepping stones from his radical self to higher things. Where others have walked the narrow paths of partisanship he has struck out for the broader lands and more invigorating atmosphere of empire."

It is true that Mr. Chamberlain does not shine conspicuously as a diplomatist. He has in the last few years successively angered

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almost every continental nation, and is hated accordingly. But he always has a good word for the United States, and has done his best to see that good feeling is maintained between the two countries. He has gone so far as to say that "terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance. It is now one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy that these two great nations understand each other better to overwhelm him in a torrent of muddy invective." Better fun and good fighting are to be found as usual with Sir William Harcourt, who said in the campaign that the Colonial Secretary seemed to be of the opinion that he was General Wolfe and Captain Cook rolled into one—that he had stormed the heights of Quebec and discovered Australia—an opinion, he added, which was not historically correct. Mr. Chamberlain, in response to much abuse, happened to say that his personality was of small importance, that if he should die the Empire would still

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than they have ever done since more than a century ago." In fact, the Boer War itself is laid by the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's blundering diplomacy. And for this reason the election of 1900 was fought over Mr. Chamberlain and his policy as the issue with a resulting strong approval from the country in the shape of an increased majority. But the campaign was almost as full of personalities as in the old home-rule days. Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues all came to his defense. In fact, it seems almost unkind, in view of all surrounding circumstances, to hear the gentle Balfour defending him at all, even if he spoke truly in saying that Chamberlain's "enemies had sought remain. Harcourt retorted that if the frog who tried to puff himself out to be an ox were to burst—well, the ox would remain.

I used often to imagine a meeting of the late government. I seemed to see Lord Salisbury at the head of the table, distant, cold, abstracted, far removed from the place and people present, and around him Arthur Balfour (now Premier), Lansdowne, Selborne, Broderick, Wyndham, all of the finest type and most delicate sensibilities. They carry on a sort of lackadaisical discussion as to whether they will or whether they won't, and no one seems to have a positive opinion and no decision seems ever reached. And as this gentle flow of talk goes on a door

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opens and in rushes Chamberlain without even a greeting. He says shortly and quickly: "Gentlemen, about this question before us to-day, I think so and so and I advise we do so and so. I find that I cannot give my support to any other policy, and as I am very busy I will not wait to join in any further discussion." Out he goes. Then Arthur says to Broddy: "Really, now, you know, he seemed in earnest, didn't he?" And Selborne says to Wyndham: "It's a beastly bore, you know, but if we don't do as he says he will raise an awful row." Then the old chief wakes up and concludes with: "Gentlemen, as the Colonial Secretary has very clearly argued his view of this case, and as it really seems to make little difference whether we pursue this course or the opposite one, I suppose we all agree with his views. We will so decide and adjourn, as I must hurry down to Hatfield."

There is no better indication of a man's character than his personal appearance. The mere sight of Mr. Chamberlain shows that he could never be a lounger. I have often seen his slim figure walking briskly with a long swooping stride and an air of intense earnestness. Even in the House when at ease he always appears strung to a high pitch. He has, to say the least, a very positive nose and a noticeable steel-blue, piercing eye with ever an inquiring expression. His face seems hard until you meet him and learn to know his genial smile. Of course, the most wonderful thing in his appearance is his extraordinary youthfulness, but this always causes you to forget how old he is. He is almost a dandy in his attire, what with his monocle and the inevitable orchid in his buttonhole. But I would not call him a well-dressed man. And if I were seeking to disparage him I would say his careful dress gave you the impression of a common man conscious of his fine clothes rather than of a fine man who could wear common clothes unconsciously. Although report says that he was by no means born an orator, he has at least made himself one. His low, clear voice carries power in its very tones. It was soon after he first came to Parliament that Froude said of him: "I confess I like Mr. Chamberlain better than I ever imagined I should come to like any politician. First of all, he is entirely sincere and devoid of affectation. He knows exactly what he wants, yet sees clearly enough that compromise is often inevitable. Best of all, his aims are not selfish aims, his ambition is not a personal one. It is part of his sincerity that he cares nothing for titles, ribbons or distinctions of any kind. The extreme rapidity of his rise to power seems to be one of the best signs of the times."

It is very characteristic of the man that, having first made his fortune in trade and next his place in public life, he has never shown the slightest aim to become a country gentleman—the one end of the aspiring tradesman. When he needs must get himself a new house to suit his position he did not buy, as well he might, the great estate of some decayed gentility, neither did he seek to found a country seat. He bought land in a not at all fashionable suburb of Birmingham because it was near to his relations and old friends, and now seems to care not at all if easily foreseen factories and laborers' cottages are crowding near his mansion.

Chamberlain, the public man, has lived for years in a fierce light of publicity, stronger in intensity than that perhaps thrown upon any of his contemporaries because it was so often the searching glare of hatred. But Chamberlain, the husband, the father, the family man, is almost unknown to the English public. Few people know that he has been married three times. When Mrs. Chamberlain appears in public it is always in the protecting shadow of her husband, who keeps her sheltered from the prying of modern curiosity with a fine determination that no one can fail to applaud. Her photographs cannot be purchased in the shops, nor have authentic ones ever been published, unless perhaps she was one of some group. On the other hand, she has played no small part in her husband's career. He has often in his speeches, when she was present, alluded to the dear interest which attached him to the United States and made him almost half-American, since Mrs. Chamberlain would never admit that in marrying an Englishman she had become an English subject. At Highbury there hangs a portrait of old Governor Endicott of Massachusetts Colony, who cut the St. George cross from the British flag, holding it a Papistical emblem. As lately as that day when the whole of great London turned out to do honor to the Colonial Secretary in presenting him the freedom of the city, generally spoken of as the apotheosis of Chamberlain, he alluded

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to his wife's nationality and to his earnest interest in everything which tended to bring about a better understanding between the two peoples.

In response to every effort to glean details as to his private life and character Mr. Chamberlain speaks his mind with no uncertain sound. He recently said in response to some sneer at his reputed distaste for exercise and his devotion to his orchids, that his public record told its own story and was a legitimate subject for public criticism; but that public comment on his private life was a privilege he would allow to no man unchallenged. This firm attitude on the part of such men as he has no doubt had much to do in protecting England from the mania of personality-mongering journalism which seems so largely prevalent in America.

The remarkable physical resemblance between Mr. Chamberlain and his son Austen often results in amusing public incidents.

On the other hand, however, it is probable that this attitude prevents the public from knowing the real man, and causes people to confound Mr. Chamberlain's public with his private character. There has never been an English politician more cold, more reserved, more bitter, more cynical. And people are apt to carry this idea of the man into his private life. The surest test of all lies in the unchanging strength of his old affections and friendships. A man with so many friends, firm after twenty or thirty years, cannot be the cold-blooded monster Chamberlain-phobia would have us believe. Nor could this bloodless spectre represent the close friend of so many little people. In fact, it is said that Mr. Chamberlain is never so happy as when the house and park at Highbury are filled with visiting children. Many stories are told of his fondness for little ones. Only recently, in the great wave of hatred and abuse of the Secretary which swept over Germany, came to light one pretty story from Dresden, where it was said that a certain family still treasured some English coins dropped with a handful of silver into the cart of a pretty child met by Mr. Chamberlain in the road. He had found the little one lost from home, and as his German was not of the best he had had great difficulty in restoring it to its parents, even though the jingling coins in the cart assuaged its grief.

But if his German is defective his French is of the best. It is said that when as a young man he taught in the church night-school in Birmingham, he studied French very hard in order to be able to keep ahead of his class, even going to having a master himself on his nights at home. And it is also a glimpse of the lighter side of his character to know that the great library at Highbury has long shelves full of French novels of what some one has called "the yellowest of yellow books in yellow backs"—a characterization, by the way, suggesting that the term "yellow journalism" may derive from something other than "yellow kids."

Again, the delight which he takes in his great orchid houses at Highbury shows again an intimate view of the man. A cold-hearted monster who cultivates flowers offers a wonderful character for sensational novelists. But I have never seen his English detractors suggest such a possible combination. To them, however, a very weighty

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charge is that he takes no exercise, veritably a crime in sport-loving England. But that time which might have been spent on cricket or football has been better employed, has led to a rise unparalleled in recent English political history.

There are now vast possibilities before the Empire if the new wine of colonial strength is carefully poured into her old bottles of constitutional greatness. The day is come when this England to endure needs a government of strong men.

STORIES OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

SEVERAL years ago some one sought out and found the very old lady who had conducted the dame's school at Camberwell, South London, at which Mr. Chamberlain spent the first years of his very brief schoolboy life. When convinced of the fact that Joey Chamberlain was now a Cabinet Minister, and pressed for some reminiscence of him, she looked up her old books where his record was kept but could remember only one fact —that she had birched him for not sitting still. "He never wanted to stay in one seat long and was always moving. You see, the seats were graded for the different classes and Joey was always determined to sit in the higher seats—because, I suppose, he thought he would seem a bigger boy." But Joey has continued to move and seek higher seats ever since.

Ever since the Jameson raid the exact nature of the relations between Mr. Chamberlain and the late Mr. Rhodes have been a source of unending speculation. Whether their union was one of affinity or of necessity will perhaps never be known. But people well informed in South African affairs hold to the latter view, and say that Mr. Rhodes never ceased to hate Mr. Chamberlain for his conduct after the raid. It seems at any rate well authenticated that their first official meeting was not very pleasant. The great man from South Africa, it seems, burst in upon the new Secretary for the Colonies and in his usual masterful way demanded that certain things be done immediately. Without knowing it, he had brushed against a nature just as masterful, and was quietly asked to go a little slower. Told afterward as a joke, the request was coupled with the observation: "You forget that I know practically nothing about you—nothing that does not concern the Dutch, diamonds or dynamite."

While other members of Parliament on hot days may wear short coats and soft or bowler hats, the Member for Birmingham always wears a frock coat with an orchid in his buttonhole, He has, it is said, sometimes adopted the old-fashioned high hat of white felt in the summer time, but as a rule he is seen only in the most freshly ironed of silks. Lately an amusing controversy was waging in one of the less dignified papers as to who was the best-dressed member of the House. By far the majority favored Mr. Chamberlain until some authority in the realm of dress came forward with the startling statement that Mr. Chamberlain could not by any means be considered a properly dressed man, that he committed the worst crime known: he wore "jemimas." This proved such an effectual ending to the controversy that an amused American had to ask of what manner the terrible offending garment was. It is the cockney name for a ready-made or, rather, a made-up necktie.

Who that has followed recent Parliamentary history can forget Mr. Gladstone's beautiful tribute to parental affection when he referred to the pride which Mr. Chamberlain must feel in the successful maiden speech which his son had just then made in the House. Nor can they have failed to notice that the Grand Old Man's measure of the youngster has since been fully verified, for Austen Chamberlain is now Lord Londonderry's successor in the post-office, and with his father occupies a place in the British Cabinet. But until you can see them together you have no idea of the marvellous physical resemblance between the two men, by no means the resemblance of father and son, but rather that of twin brothers. This often results in amusing public incidents. In one of Austen Chamberlain's early Parliamentary campaigns a hostile audience almost drove him from the platform by yelling: "Get out, old Joe; let the young 'un speak for himself." It was long before these lusty voters could be convinced that the father was not passing himself off as the son in order to give a false idea of the latter's ability.

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I.

AFTER the trail-blazer, the gambler. It has been so always in the expansive movement of the West. No sooner has the skirmish line of Civilization worn a roadway through forest, across desert and over the projecting ledge of mountain side, and journeyed on, than the gamester appears in the garb of a gentleman, soft of speech and manners, smiling, courteous; inwardly greedy, base, dishonorable.

Always this type. Years and conditions have made changes in his methods, but the American sharper is always the same; cold of heart and debased of conscience. When necessary to kill, he kills; when animal instinct says fly, he flies; when force demands of the spoil, he divides. In the stage-coach days and the rough times when men "stampeded" from one gold-yielding section to another, the gambler was in a measure respected—respected, however, for his good clothes, his disposition to shoot first and to argue afterward. He was regarded as an institution. He went naturally then, as he goes now, with saloons and free-and-easy theatres and dance halls.

When the railroads came he changed to fit conditions. Travellers in the West and Middle West not many years ago were warned by large placards in the railway coaches to be on guard against monte men. But the printed warnings did not serve. The monte sharpers so increased in number that at length the legislators of the various States framed laws which bore so heavily on the rascals that they were driven, in Western parlance, to "hunt their holes."

During the prosperous days of steamboating on the Mississippi and its tributaries, droves of gamblers frequented the boats. Their game was draw poker, and their victims all unsophisticated persons possessing money. They travelled in pairs, and rivalled even the lordly and gorgeous pilots in raiment. Cool, unscrupulous, ready to take desperate chances, they were dreaded by all captains of reputable boats. When they were detected fleecing a passenger, the customary proceeding was to head the steamer for shore, day or night, rain or sun, and the gamblers walked the plank into the fields or forests. In spite of all precautions, however, planters returning from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville and other Northern markets, were often inveigled into the staterooms of the courteous adventurers and systematically robbed. Notions of honor on the part of the victim insured his silence.

In the forties, the *Minotaur* ran between St. Louis and New Orleans. Its captain, Jasper Durkin, was two-thirds owner of the boat, which was one of the best on the river.

Among the passengers at one time were two extremely well-dressed and gentlemanly looking men who seemed equally at ease with the ladies in the cabin and among the men in the barroom. They claimed to be planters from Louisiana and they appeared to have plenty of money. On the evening of the second day out from St. Louis, as Captain Durkin was pacing the hurricane deck, his pipe in his mouth, he was accosted by one of the suave strangers, who complained of the uneventful character of the voyage.

"If we could only get up a poker game," he said, "it would enliven things a little."

It was a duty incumbent on every steamboat captain of the old days to contribute to the entertainment of his passengers. To relieve the ennui of a tedious, wind-fighting voyage the commander held himself at his passengers' disposal. With equal cheerfulness he would dance a jig, sing a song, play a game at cards or fight a duel. So Captain Durkin accepted the plaint as a challenge to his hospitality.

"If you care for a game," he said, "and can get another gentleman to sit in, I am at your service."

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"My friend very likely would join us," answered the counterfeit planter. A few minutes later the trio put their knees under a little round walnut table, and the game began at a dollar ante. From the beginning luck was steadily against the Captain's companions. Finally one of the gamblers, with an impatient exclamation, threw down his cards.

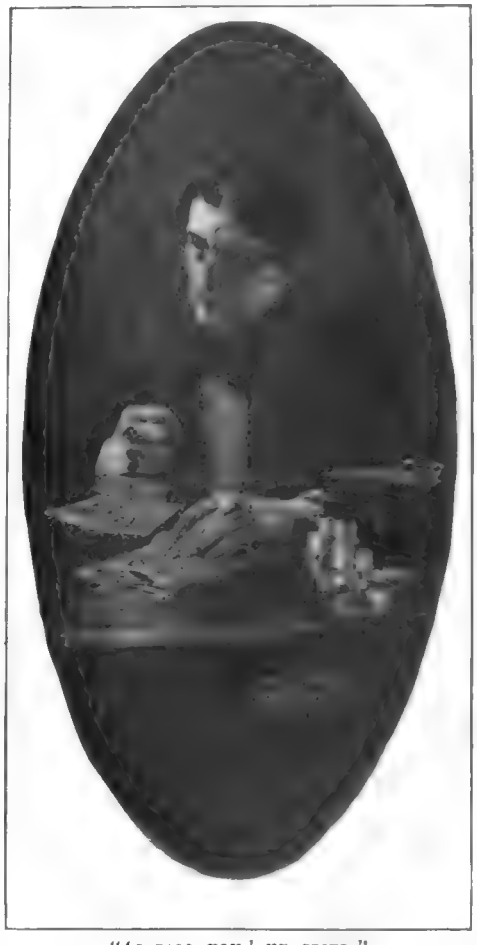
"There's no luck in a game with 'tin horn' stakes," he said. "Let's raise the ante to one hundred dollars."

The captain assented, and the game went on. Still he won. At midnight a heap of bank-notes and gold was piled before him and on the table a jackpot had been opened by one of the gamblers for ten thousand dollars. All "stayed," and successive raises brought the pot up to sixty thousand dollars. At that point the man who opened it dropped out. It was his partner's "say." Without looking at Captain Durkin he put his cards down on the table and said softly:

"I see you and raise you twenty thousand." He counted the money from a wad of bills which he drew from the breast pocket of his long frock coat.

Captain Durkin's face grew pale. All his gains, and nine thousand dollars that he had taken from the safe in the clerk's office before the game opened, were in the pot. He looked at his hand, turned the cards face downward and ran his fingers through his hair. After a moment's reflection he looked across at the gambler and struck the table with his palm:

"I call you," he cried.



"'I CALL YOU,' HE CRIED."

The gambler leaned back, bit the end off a cigar, inserted his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, balanced himself nicely on the back legs of his chair, and swayed gently to and fro. Durkin fumbled in his coat pockets.

"Well, Captain, where is the money?" said the gambler.

The captain tore a page from his notebook, wrote something hastily upon it, and tossed it upon the heap of money in the jackpot.

"I own two-thirds of this steamer," he said, "and she is valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. My interest is security for the amount."

The gambler looked at the note. "That," said he, "is satisfactory." He picked up his cards and spread them face upward on the table. There were four aces.

Durkin had staked his entire fortune on four kings.

Half an hour later he shot himself through the heart in his stateroom. He left a letter in which he explained that his judgment had been impaired by the liquor he had drunk during the game, and he ended: "A man who would bet his last dollar on four kings don't deserve standing-room on earth."

II.

On the Missouri a rougher set of gamblers were found than on other tributaries of the Mississippi or the great river itself. This was due to the immense sweep of unorganized territory the yellow river traversed and the consequent lack of legal and social restrictions. In the early fifties gambling on the Missouri was an established industry. Some of the steamers, apparently

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engaged in legitimate trade, were owned by professional sharpers, who, on the upward voyage, fleeced the business men and adventurers bound into the Northwest, and returning there were always some among the miscellaneous assortment of travellers who proved profitable victims.

Of these gambling boats the most notorious was the *Susan Dale*, a side-wheeler of magnificent appointments. Her career on the river was short, and her end was in keeping with the wild orgies that had occurred between her decks.

On the evening of August 7, 1856, a stately white steamer clung to the wharf at St. Joseph. The slant rays of the sun shone in her stateroom windows and were reflected from the brass of her fine fittings. It was the *Susan Dale*, headed down stream for St. Louis, and aboard was all the bustle and confusion of departure. Sweating deck-hands yelled and pushed as they ran in and out among the loafers on the dock. Men came hurrying down the tipped street from the sprawling town, gripsack in hand, and rushed up the gangplank. The pilot walked the upper deck, haughty and commanding, a diamond flashing insolently in the wide bosom of his shirt. Half an hour after sunset he entered the pilot-house and signalled the crew to haul in the stage. There was a clash of brass, a discordant blast of wind instruments, as the band of six pieces on the hurricane deck broke into a march; a cheer, like the treble of a clarionet, arose from the line of boys that formed the outer fringe of the crowd; and the *Susan Dale* backed slowly into the stream.

On the up-trip the steamer had carried only a handful of traders, trappers, and other frontiersmen from the Indian country who had been down to St. Louis buying winter supplies. They had taken the *Susan Dale*, knowing well her reputation. They were looking for excitement of a different nature than that provided by a rough country, wild men, and savage beasts. They found it. The Missouri river tiger ripped up their big wallets in short order. Some of the victims, being certain they had been robbed by "fixed" roulette wheels, tricky dice games, and crooked faro layouts, began to investigate. They found evidence to confirm their suspicions; and before the boat landed at St. Joseph thirty of the losers had perfected a plan for revenge and for the recovery of their lost money. They reëmbarked for the downward voyage, each man with two revolvers in his gripsack.

An hour after the steamer left St. Joseph a

"'THE WHEEL'S CROOKED, AN' YOU'RE NO MORE'N A THIEF.'"

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chalky-faced youth approached every promising looking man among the passengers and said significantly: "The game's open below."

The gambling-room on the lower deck was spacious. At one end a bar of polished mahogany, brilliant with cut glass and silver, stretched the entire width; at the other a boy was turning a wheel of fortune which was pinned against the wall. On the floor were soft carpets and rugs and in corners stood lounges and easy chairs. The click of chips, the subdued voices of the players and the muffled grinding of near-by machinery blending together produced the effect of a mysterious orchestral accompaniment.

"The red color wins," said the boy who was spinning the wheel of fortune.

"The red color wins," echoed a collarless young man standing at the table upon which was painted the red and the black, the star and the green.

"The red color wins," repeated the boy in a mournful, nasal tone, and "The red color wins," said the bare-necked youth exultingly, sweeping away a twenty-dollar bill which a man had chanced, in the belief that no color runs twice successively.

At a faro table close by the impassive dealer cut and shuffled stacks of chips with his disengaged hand, while the man who kept watch over the play sat at his right on a platform that gave him full sweep of the board. Near the faro table the marble was spinning round the grooved rim of the roulette wheel, and farther down the room a crowd stood by the chuck-a-luck game with its whirling bowl and three big dice.

An angular man wearing a frock coat, but no waistcoat, and with a broad-brimmed felt hat pushed back from his forehead, approached the roulette wheel and placed a one-hundred-dollar note on the black. He won. The stake was doubled and played on the green. He lost. As the *croupier* was drawing the money from the board the player stopped him.

"That wasn't done fair, pardner," he said; "this wheel's crooked, an' you're no more'n a thief."

The *croupier* dropped the money and put his hand under the table, but before his fingers reached the gun concealed there he flung his arms above his head and pitched forward upon the wheel with a bullet in his breast. The player pushed the body of the *croupier* to the floor and took possession of the stacks of gold and bundles of bank-notes on the table. At the same time his comrades, with drawn weapons, closed in upon the faro tables and wheels of fortune. Some pulled sacks from their pockets and began to scoop up the money before the gamblers had time to realize what had happened. The faro watchers drew revolvers. They were shot before they could raise a hammer. The men at the bar fired recklessly into the crowd, but the Westerners, yelling and cursing, cut them to pieces with the big balls from their heavy pistols.

At the firing of the first shot in the gambling-room, two men ran to the pilot-house.

"Run her to land," they said to the pilot, pressing their revolvers to his head. Two others hurried to the engine-room and ordered the engineer to send the boat ahead under full steam. In the gambling-room there was a roar of excitement. Men who belonged to neither faction rushed for the companion-way, trampling over each other in their eagerness to escape. The Westerners fired at bar mirrors, at the costly paintings on the walls; they broke up the wheels of fortune and the expensive furniture. In the cabin and on the upper deck women cried and screamed; and the boat swayed and rocked as she plunged forward toward the bank.

She struck the shore under full headway, and the shock snapped the bolts in her overwrought boilers. There was an explosion which splintered the decks and the cabin, and the *Susan Dale* went out like a candle in a draft. Where there had been light and sound a second before, there was darkness and the silence of the woods. A few men were blown ashore by the explosion and escaped, as was nearly always the case in these swift tragedies of the river.

III.

In the early days of steamboating on the Missouri two men known as the "gentlemen gamblers" acquired a wide notoriety for the callous brutality of their operations. Under various disguises they embarked on the most popular passenger steamers and lured the unsophisticated into their games.

Late in the Autumn of 1849 the *Jasper Long*, a side-wheeler, and one of the swiftest boats that ever plied the Missouri, was bound from St. Louis to Fort Leavenworth with a regiment of soldiers and supplies for the fort. Among the passengers was an elderly and wealthy hemp-grower from Franklin.

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THE CAPTAIN DRIVES BEFORE HIM THE TWO "GENTLEMEN GAMBLERS."

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On coming on board the planter deposited with the steamer's clerk thirty thousand dollars, the returns from a cargo of baled hemp-fiber which he had taken to St. Louis a week before. The first night out from St. Louis he drew on his deposit for one thousand dollars. Within an hour he drew fifteen hundred more, and about ten o'clock he appeared, greatly excited, in the clerk's office and demanded the balance. The clerk suspected that the old fellow was being robbed and questioned him.

"None of your business, young man, what I want the money for," he replied. "Fork over the cash and keep your mouth shut."

The clerk "forked over," but warned the Captain, who followed the passenger to his stateroom. The "gentlemen gamblers" were seated at the table, cards, cigars and whisky bottles before them, awaiting their dupe. As the old man entered, the Captain stepped quickly to the door.

"Don't move," he cried, pointing a large revolver at the head of the sharper nearest him. The old man protested. The gentlemen were his guests, he said. When he needed a guardian he would have one appointed by the probate judge.

"They are thieves," the Captain answered. "How much have you lost?"

"That is my affair, sir," replied the planter. "Lower that pistol and leave the room."

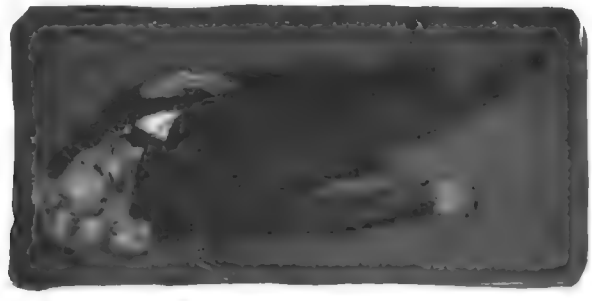
"These men must go with me," the Captain insisted, advancing a step. "They are the most notorious gamblers on the Missouri River and they would have 'skinned' you like a rabbit."

He marched the two forward, sent a porter for their baggage, and directed the pilot to run the vessel ashore at the next landing. It was a cord-wood station. A muddy road wound down to the river through the dark forest, but there was not a human habitation for miles around. Here their gripsacks were thrown ashore and the sharpers were ordered to follow. They passed down the gangway without a word, followed by the jeers of the soldiers, who crowded to the rail.

The steamer moved away from the shore with much signalling from pilot to engineer, much tinkling of the invisible bell somewhere down in her hidden machinery. When the *Jasper Long* had cleared the muddy bank and had started upstream with a vibrant sigh, a shot from the shore shattered the glass of the pilot-house, and the pilot fell. He was dead when the Captain reached him, and the vessel was heading toward the opposite side of the stream. It took the Captain ten minutes to bring the steamer back to the landing. When the soldiers leaped ashore they found only the gamblers' baggage.

Twenty men were detailed to pursue the murderers. They were captured in a wood-chopper's deserted hut at daybreak, and an hour later, in view of all who cared to see, they were hanged to the branches of a tall cottonwood.

Although it is forty years since the last passenger steamer hunted her way along the changing channel of the Missouri, gamblers still do business upon the river. Steamers are being run from Omaha and Kansas City in the summer months, making night trips up and down the stream under the guise of excursions. State sovereignty does not extend to the river; so in the channel the prohibitive gambling laws do not apply. As soon as the boats set out on their nightly voyage the games open; when they tie up at the city docks the roulette wheels, the faro tables and the crap games are covered. This modern gambling, however, lacks the excitement and picturesqueness of that carried on in the days of old. One may play a nickel on the crap table, a quarter on faro, or a dime on roulette.



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THE ADMONITION OF CAIN.

By Charles Carey.

Illustrated by Will Grefe.

THE District Attorney sprang to his feet and faced the Court. His eyes were blazing, his face white with passion.

"If your Honor please," he broke out wrathfully, "I shall refuse to try any more cases before this Court. Hereafter, when your Honor is on the bench my deputy will appear on behalf of the people."

The Judge regarded him with cold severity.

"Mr. Maitland," he replied in those impassive, judicial accents which had grown so to grate upon the other's ears, "in view of your natural disappointment at the result of the action just concluded, the Court is willing for the present to overlook this affront to its dignity. But," he added with a tightening of his thin lips, "unless suitable apology is made in open court before to-morrow morning, I shall be forced to hold you as in contempt. I have no desire to threaten; still, it may be well for you to remember that the Court has not only the power of fine and imprisonment, but may also remove you from office, or even disbar you from the practice of law."

Other than by a curt little nod of acknowledgment, Maitland gave no show of heed to the stern reproof. Instead, his manner was almost insolently defiant as he banged down into his seat and began turning over the papers on his desk, scanning their contents with an air of exaggerated interest. It is doubtful, however, if he sensed a single phrase he read, for the characters danced up and down before his vision, his hands shook as though with ague, his brain was seething in a tempest of angry remonstrance.

His brother's action was intolerable, outrageous, the limit of judicial tyranny! Yet, it was no more than might have been expected of him. Even in their boyhood Henry had always been a churlish, overbearing brute. Apologize to him? Never; not if he were made to suffer the penalty of contempt twenty times over. This petty autocrat would disbar him, would he? Very well, let him try it. But there would come a reckoning some day!

"Oh," he ground his teeth in impotent rage, "is it any wonder that men are tempted to take the law into their own hands when they can see such rank injustice flourishing on the very bench itself?"

Judge Maitland and the District Attorney were brothers in blood; but in temperament their natures were as far apart as the antipodes; the one dispassionate, icy, equable, the other warm, open-hearted and impulsive.

Moreover, their official relations had tended to emphasize these variances, for, cynical of what he termed "Horace's loose and slipshod methods," the Judge's rulings on any mooted point had unintermittently been opposed to his brother. If there were the shadow of a question raised, the preference was always given to the other side. Yet Judge Maitland was not wilfully unfair. It was with him rather an exaggerated fear that his real interest in Horace's success might lead him to betray an undue partiality, and as a result of this supersensitiveness he had drifted to the other extreme.

The younger man, ignorant of the true motives which actuated his reserved and undemonstrative kinsman, only recognized that he was being made the victim of an apparent persecution. He chafed under the restrictions placed upon him, and to his friends bitterly resented the attitude of the Court. Still, he had managed to refrain from any public outburst until that morning, when by an autocratic dictum the Judge had turned his hard-won victory into defeat.

The case was that of Richard Lewis, an old colored man, indicted for the killing of his brother. The circumstances had apparently marked the affair as one of justifiable homicide, and popularly there had been small doubt of an acquittal. The District Attorney, however, had chosen to take an opposite view. Heart and soul he threw himself into his contention, and by the very earnestness of his belief had overswept the preconceived notions of the community and secured a verdict of murder in the second degree. Indeed, the jurors admitted that,

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had it not been for the advanced age of the defendant, an agreement could have been made upon the higher count.

It was a brilliant achievement for the youthful prosecutor, and not unnaturally he had been considerably elated over the result; but now the Judge had turned his triumph into discomfiture by incontinently setting aside the verdict as opposed to the weight of the evidence, and announcing his willingness to accept a plea of guilty to assault and battery, the major penalty for which was a mere six months' imprisonment in the county jail. It was the last straw. Maitland's smothered resentment flared up in a blaze of defiance before this arbitrary exercise of power.

In contrast to Horace's irate mood, his brother sat upon the bench as icily composed as ever, apparently utterly unruffled by the incident. There was a crowd of prisoners before him for sentence, and he rendered to each one his due, unswayed by appeals to sympathy or prejudice, dealing out absolutely impartial justice in so far as he was cognizant of the circumstances.

The last of the unfortunates to come before him was the old Negro whom his fiat had just saved from a lifelong term behind the grim walls of the State's prison. When the Judge's words had first removed that dread contingency from the prisoner's mind, he had straightened up and turned a look of beaming gratitude upon his deliverer; but afterward, when the altercation took place between the two officials, the smile might have been seen to die upon his lips, and he sank back into the indifferent yet watchful attitude he had maintained throughout the trial.

It is doubtful, perhaps, if he grasped the legal significance of their debate; but the underlying animus of it was plain to him, and he saw that their contention centred on himself. Thereafter, he sat with bowed head, glancing uneasily from one to the other of the disputants, his brow furrowed with thought, his knotted, toil-worn old hands twisting and intertwisting in his lap.

At last his turn came. "Richard Lewis, stand up!" There was no change in the Court's perfunctory manner of address. "Have you anything to say why sentence of law should not be passed upon you?"

The old man hesitated a moment, an undecided expression upon his dusky countenance. Then he seemed to make a sudden resolution. Shuffling forward a few steps toward the bench, he lifted up his voice.

"'F yo' 'Onah please," he said apologetically, "an' ef yo' kin spah me a few minits o' yo' time, dah is somep'n I'd like to speak on. In co'se, Jedge, de case is all ober an' done wid now, an' I sho'ly is 'bleeged to yo' Onah fo' lettin' me down so light; but, ef it don' make no diff'runce to yo', er," turning toward Horace with a deferential little duck, "to yo' brudder, dah, I would like to say a few wuds."

Consumed with his own grievance, the District Attorney had paid scant attention to the old fellow's rambling introductory, until the reference to himself was made; then, something in the half-appealing gaze directed toward him caught his interest.

"Go on," nodded the Judge, stifling a yawn. "You are at liberty to make any statement you think the Court should hear in explanation or extenuation of your crime."

"Yassir," puzzled a little at the words, but catching the drift of the permission, "but 'tain't to 'splane, nor yet to 'stenuate dat I wants to talk." He halted a moment, then added in a low tone: "It's to tell de trufe.

"Jedge," the words were coming more easy, now that the start had been made, "Marse Hor'ce, dah, he done said some mighty mean t'ings 'bout me in dis yer trial, but he didn't say not a wud dat wuzn't straight as de Gospil o' St. John. I *planned* to git Jack in de fight, I *planned* to let 'im git in de fust lick, an' I *planned* befo'hand dat I'd kill 'im de minit he done laid a finger on me."

For once in his life Judge Maitland's iron composure was broken. As the Negro finished a dull red flush swept across his pallid face. He took off his eyeglasses, polished them vigorously, fixed them on his nose, and then taking them off, commenced to polish anew.

"Richard Lewis," he stammered, "do you realize what you are saying? This is really the most astounding——" Then he regained in a measure his self-control. "You are free, of course, to make any statement you see fit," he said sharply to the prisoner; "but I feel it my duty to inform you that the Court does not insist upon it. Whatever you may say is entirely at your own volition."

Counsel for the defendant hurried forward

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and commenced an angry buzzing at his client's ear; but the old man manifestly was deaf to all expostulations or entreaties.

The lawyer turned from him with a vanquished shake of the head.

"My client insists on his right to speak, your Honor. I hope I need not assure you and the other members of the bar that the information he has just vouchsafed is as complete a surprise to me as it is to yourself."

The interruption over, Lewis addressed the Court again.

"Kin I go on now?" he asked calmly.

As the Judge nodded assent, the attorneys within the railing, curious to hear, drew closer about the old man. Horace Maitland leaned forward eagerly in his seat, his eyes glistening at this unexpected confirmation of his claims.

"I don' rightly know jes' whah to c'mmence, Jedge. Yo' see, dere wuz sich a lot o' t'ings dat didn't nebber come out in de trial; but I 'low dat de bes' way'd be to staht in at de beginnin', an' tell it all.

"Yo' mus' onde'stan' dat Jack an' me, fo' all we wuz brudders, wuz ez diff'runt each f'om t'udder ez a guinea-hen is f'om a peafowl. Dat wuz allus de way wid us, even f'om de time we wuz bofe knee-high to a duck. I wuz so't o' easy-goin'—quick to git mad, maybe, but jes' ez quick to make up. But he wuz one o' dem sneerin', biggety folks w'at 'lows dere ain' no right way o' doin' nuffin' cep'n jes' deir own way."

The District Attorney gave a quick, furtive glance in the direction of the bench; but the Judge's face was turned away from him. He was gazing steadily out of the window, his jaw set in a hard, obstinate line.

"Well," continued the Negro, "I went away, and I lived out dah in Nebrasky fo' goin' on thutty yeahs; an' suttainly in dat time I done disremembah conside'ble w'at dat ar Jack wuz reely like. So, w'en I come home bruk, an' he 'low dat I kin wuk fo' 'im, 'peared to me like he wuz a brudder fo' suah. 'Twuzn' long, dough, afo' I foun' out my mistake. He's daid now, gem'men, an' maybe I oughtn' say it; but, 'fo' Gawd, ef dey eveh wuz a onreasonable, pestiferous critter on dis yuth, dat Jack wuz 'im.

"Ef I wants to do a t'ing one way, he wuz allus fo' doin' it de yutheh; ef I say somep'n am w'ite, he up an' swah it am black. Co'se I wuz a wukkin' fo' 'im, an' mos' gin'ally I give in. Seein's he wuz my boss, dat wuzn't no mo'n right, yo' know. But, all de same, it kep' kind o' ranklin' down deep in me, an' de debbil wuz a layin' dere jes' a waitin' 'till I got my mad up right.

"Fin'lly 'long comes dis yer job o' whitewashin' down 't Mistah Kendrick's, wa't yo' heered all 'bout at de trial; an' I held dat de right place to buy de lime wuz up at de gashouse, kase it wuz cheapeh.

"'W'at yo' know 'bout it?' says he, wid dat uppish smile o' his'n. 'I'se been buyin' my lime down to de coal-yahd fo' twenty yeahs, an' I ain' gwine quit now.'

"'Twuzn't so much w'at he done said; but dat smile an' dat big way o' his'n, it jes' make me bile same's a pot.

"'Yes, some folks is so sot in deir ways,' says I, 'dat dey won' listen to no sense, even ef 'tis money in deir pockets,' I says.

"'I guess I knows my business,' says Jack slow-like, a cuhlin' his lip, 'an' w'at's mo', yo' is paid to wuk, an' not stan' 'roun', givin' 'vice to de boss.'

"'Boss er no boss,' I snaps back, 'yo' is a jackass!' I says. 'Jes' a plain jackass!'

"'Yo' is dischahged!' he roars. 'I fiahs yo'! Don' yo' come 'roun' yere no mo'!"

"Well, suh, Jedge, one wud brung on anuddeh, an' so it went. I cain't rightly say to dis day w'ich stahted de scrap; wedder I hits him fust, er wedder he done hit me. Dat is"—gulping as he hurriedly interrupted the floodtide of his remarks—"I mean ter say dat de plan I done planned out come off. I let 'im swipe me onct, an' den I smashed down wid a club dat wuz a layin'—dat I'd done laid dah on de groun' all ready fo' de 'casion."

He faltered and seemed strangely confused as he reached this part of his narration, but in a moment he had gathered himself together and went on:

"Trufe to tell, Jedge, I don' rightly 'membeh nuffin' a'ter dat, till I come to myse'f an' seen Jack a layin' dah in f'ont o' me wid de side o' his haid caved in, an' me a standin' dah wid de club in my han'.

"But, Jedge," the old man's voice grew impressive, "an' dis am w'at I want to tell yo'; awake er asleep, I hain't neveh been able to git dat sight out'n my eyes. I kin see ev'y brick in dat pa'ment w'at he wuz a layin' on jes' ez plain ez ef it wuz yere on dis flo'. I kin see 'im kind o' wriggle a minit, an' den lay still; an' I kin see de blood a crawlin' an' a crawlin' oveh de bricks up to my feet. It wuz jes' ez still, Jedge, ez

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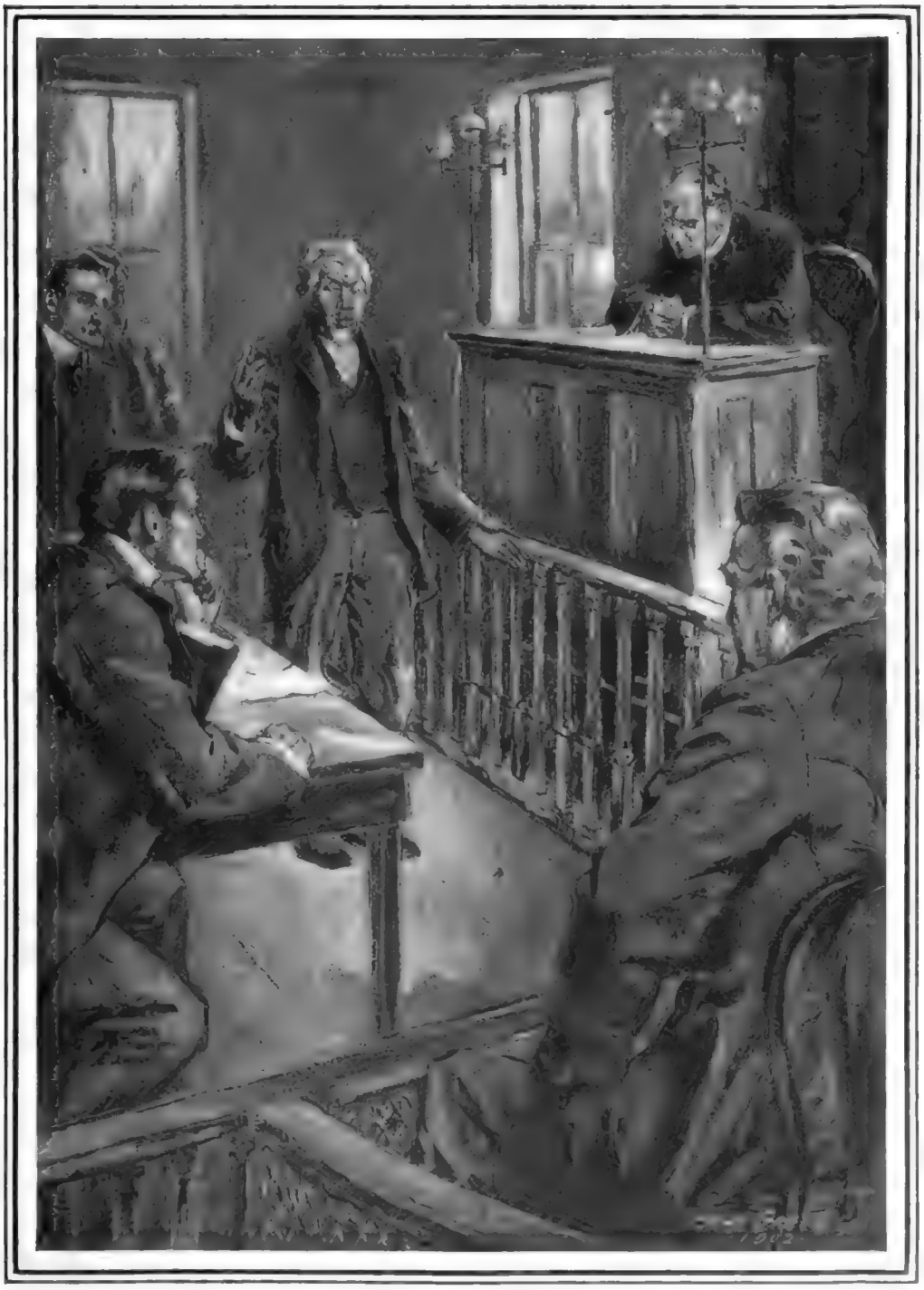

"'I'D TAKE DAT LIFE SENTENCE YO' DONE GOT FO' ME IN A MINIT EF IT'D ON'Y BRING 'IM BACK.'"

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'tis in dis room dis ve'y minit; but it seem to me like dey wuz a hundred, thousan', millyun v'ices, all a hollerin' an' a screechin' at me: 'Yo' done killed yo' bruddeh! Yo' done killed yo' bruddeh!'"

A dusky pallor had risen to old Richard's face as he recalled the tragic scene; his brow was damp with a cold perspiration; his eyes bore an expression of abiding horror.

"B'leeve me er not, ez yo' choose, Mistah Maitlan'," he added solemnly, turning and addressing his remarks directly to Horace, "pestiferous ez Jack wuz, I'd take dat life sentence yo' done got fo' me in a minit ef it'd on'y bring 'im back.

"A'ter dey is gone, yo' don' seem to think no mo' 'bout deir biggety ways. All I 'membahs on now is 'bout de times w'en me an' Jack wuz boys; how he took a whoppin' onct dat mammy'd done laid up fo' me; an' 'bout de times w'en I'd git run in, an' how he allus up an' paid my fines; an' 'bout de time w'en I had de feveh, an'——" The old man's voice broke; he furtively wiped his eyes on the back of his hand.

"An' b'leeve me er not, Jedge," he resumed, "I 'low dat Jack, whaheveh he is, ain't none too happy a thinkin' how he goaded me on, an' pestered me, an' flustrated me, w'en he sees all de trouble I'se got myse'f into on account ob it.

"Oh, I'll tell yo', gem'men," he cried, "it's a awful t'ing fo' bruddehs to qua'll dat a way. I——" He checked himself, as though, having intended to speak further, he had suddenly changed his mind. "I guess dat's all I'se got to say, Jedge. Yo'll 'scuse me, suh, fo' takin' up so much o' yo' time. No 'fence, I hope, Jedge; no 'fence." And with many obsequious bows to the Court he resumed his seat.

After he had finished the silence in the court-room was so intense that the ticking of the clock upon the wall fairly shivered the atmosphere with its rhythmic beats. The laughter of the Sheriff's children playing in the jailyard floated through the windows with startling distinctness. The Judge sat with his elbows upon his desk, his face between his hands. Finally he raised his head.

"Gentlemen of the bar," he said to the assembled lawyers, "I am called on to impose sentence and I find myself perplexed. In a case like this, what is my duty? What does justice demand to the living, to the dead, and to society at large? Mr. District Attorney," he turned to his brother, and in his manner as well as in the faint smile that quivered on his lips it was almost as though he were timidly stretching forth a hand to seek the other's in fraternal grasp, "will you not act as *amicus curiae* and advise the Court?"

The two men's eyes met in a long, intent gaze.

"If your Honor please," returned the younger softly, "I have no question either of your Honor's ability or of your willingness to do substantial justice both now and always. If, however, you desire my counsel, I should urge the mildest sentence permitted under the law. The prisoner's punishment is already heavier than any which you or I could impose upon him."

The Judge gravely bowed assent.

"To-morrow, Mr. Maitland," he said, referring to the calendar, "we will take up the case of the State against Henderson."

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THE WAY OF THE WIND.

AN EASTERN LOVE STORY.

By the Author of
"An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Illustrated by E. Mars and H. M. Squires.

WHERE the world breaks up into islands among the blue waves of an Eastern sea, in a little house by the seashore lived Katipah, the only child of poor parents. When they died she was left quite alone, and so poor that no man thought of marrying her, and so delicate and small that as a drudge she was worth nothing to anybody.

Once a month she would go and stand at the shrine gate and say to the people as they went in to pray, "Will nobody love me?" And the people would turn their heads away quickly and make haste to get past, and in their hearts would wonder to themselves, "Foolish little Katipah! Does she think that we can spare time to love any one so poor and unprofitable as she?"

On the other days Katipah would go down to the beach, where everybody went who had a kite to fly—for all the men in that country flew kites, and all the children—and there she would fly a kite of her own up into the blue air; and watching the wind carrying it farther and farther away, would grow quite happy thinking how a day might come at last when she would really be loved, though her queer little outside made her seem so poor and unprofitable.

Katipah's kite was green, with blue eyes in its square face; and in one corner it had a very small pursed-up red mouth holding a spray of peach blossoms. She had made it herself, and to her it meant the green world with the blue sky over it when the spring begins to be sweet; and there, tucked away in one corner of it, her own little warm mouth waiting and wishing to be kissed; and out of all that wishing and waiting the blossom of hope was springing, never to be let go.

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All around her were hundreds of others flying their kites, and all had some wish or prayer to fortune. But Katipah's wish and prayer were only that she might be loved.

The silver sandhills lay in loops and chains round the curve of the blue sky, and all along them flocks of gaily colored kites hovered and fluttered and sprang. And as they went up into the clear air the wind sighing in the strings was like the crying of a child. "Wahoo! wahoo!" Every kite seemed to cradle the wailings of an invisible infant as it went mounting, spreading its thin apron to the wind.

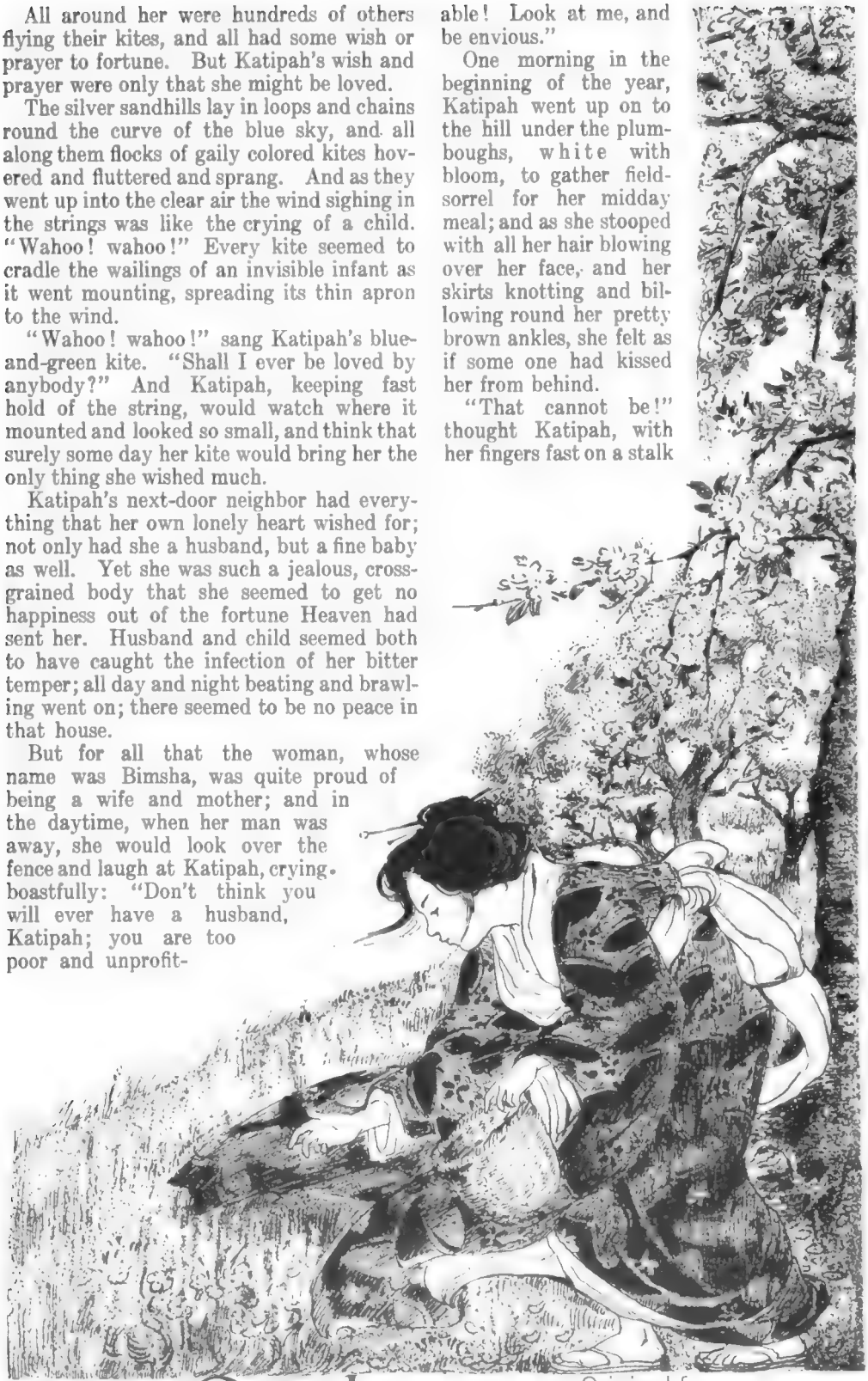
"Wahoo! wahoo!" sang Katipah's blue-and-green kite. "Shall I ever be loved by anybody?" And Katipah, keeping fast hold of the string, would watch where it mounted and looked so small, and think that surely some day her kite would bring her the only thing she wished much.

Katipah's next-door neighbor had everything that her own lonely heart wished for; not only had she a husband, but a fine baby as well. Yet she was such a jealous, cross-grained body that she seemed to get no happiness out of the fortune Heaven had sent her. Husband and child seemed both to have caught the infection of her bitter temper; all day and night beating and brawling went on; there seemed to be no peace in that house.

But for all that the woman, whose name was Bimsha, was quite proud of being a wife and mother; and in the daytime, when her man was away, she would look over the fence and laugh at Katipah, crying boastfully: "Don't think you will ever have a husband, Katipah; you are too poor and unprofitable! Look at me, and be envious."

One morning in the beginning of the year, Katipah went up on to the hill under the plum-boughs, white with bloom, to gather field-sorrel for her midday meal; and as she stooped with all her hair blowing over her face, and her skirts knotting and billowing round her pretty brown ankles, she felt as if some one had kissed her from behind.

"That cannot be!" thought Katipah, with her fingers fast on a stalk



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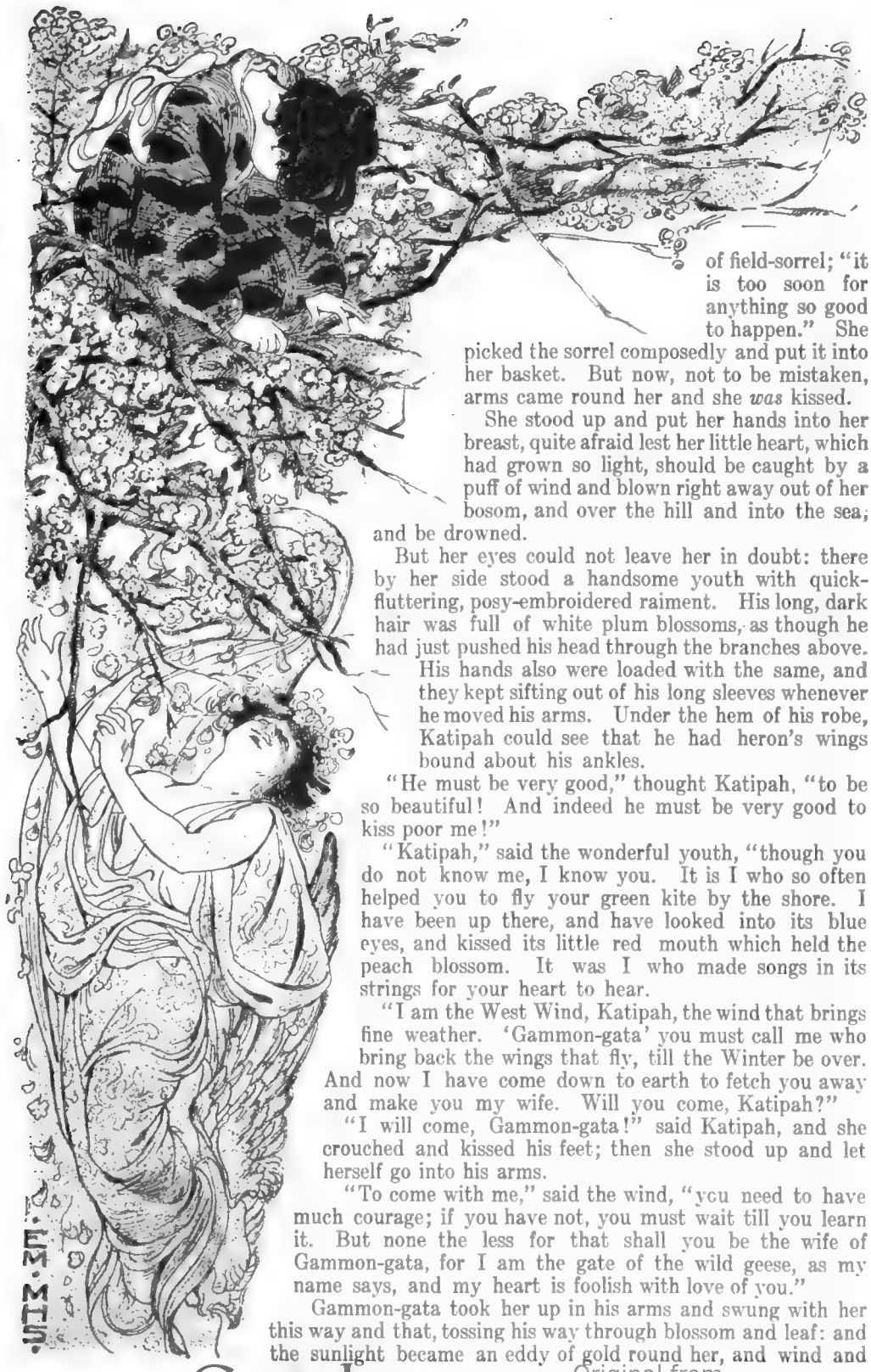

of field-sorrel; "it is too soon for anything so good to happen." She picked the sorrel composedly and put it into her basket. But now, not to be mistaken, arms came round her and she *was* kissed.

She stood up and put her hands into her breast, quite afraid lest her little heart, which had grown so light, should be caught by a puff of wind and blown right away out of her bosom, and over the hill and into the sea, and be drowned.

But her eyes could not leave her in doubt: there by her side stood a handsome youth with quick-fluttering, posy-embroidered raiment. His long, dark hair was full of white plum blossoms, as though he had just pushed his head through the branches above. His hands also were loaded with the same, and they kept sifting out of his long sleeves whenever he moved his arms. Under the hem of his robe, Katipah could see that he had heron's wings bound about his ankles.

"He must be very good," thought Katipah, "to be so beautiful! And indeed he must be very good to kiss poor me!"

"Katipah," said the wonderful youth, "though you do not know me, I know you. It is I who so often helped you to fly your green kite by the shore. I have been up there, and have looked into its blue eyes, and kissed its little red mouth which held the peach blossom. It was I who made songs in its strings for your heart to hear.

"I am the West Wind, Katipah, the wind that brings fine weather. 'Gammon-gata' you must call me who bring back the wings that fly, till the Winter be over. And now I have come down to earth to fetch you away and make you my wife. Will you come, Katipah?"

"I will come, Gammon-gata!" said Katipah, and she crouched and kissed his feet; then she stood up and let herself go into his arms.

"To come with me," said the wind, "you need to have much courage; if you have not, you must wait till you learn it. But none the less for that shall you be the wife of Gammon-gata, for I am the gate of the wild geese, as my name says, and my heart is foolish with love of you."

Gammon-gata took her up in his arms and swung with her this way and that, tossing his way through blossom and leaf: and the sunlight became an eddy of gold round her, and wind and

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laughter seemed to become part of her being, so that she was all giddy and dazed and glad when at last Gammon-gata set her down.

"Stand still, my little one," he cried; "stand still while I put on your bridal veil for you; then your blushes shall look like a rose-bush in snow!"

So Katipah stood with her foot in the green sorrel, and Gammon-gata went up into the plum-tree and shook, till from head to foot she was showered with white blossoms.

"How beautiful you seem to me!" cried Gammon-gata when he returned to the ground.

Then he lifted her once more and set her in the top of a plum-tree, and going below, cried up to her: "Leap, little wife of the wind, and let me see that you have courage!"

Katipah looked long over the deep space that lay between them and trembled. Then she fixed her eyes fast upon those of her lover and leaped, for in the laughter of his eyes she had lost all her fear.

He caught her half-way in the air as she fell. "You are not really brave," said he; "if I had shut my eyes you would not have jumped."

"If you had shut your eyes just then," cried Katipah, "I should have died for fear."

He set her once more in the tree-top and disappeared from her sight. "Come down to me, Katipah!" she heard his voice calling all around her.

Clinging fast to the topmost bough, "Oh, Gammon-gata," she cried, "let me see your eyes and I will come."

Then with darkened brow he appeared to her again out of his blasts and took her in his arms and lifted her down a little sadly till her feet touched safe earth. And he blew away the beautiful veil of blossoms with which he had showered her, while Katipah stood like a shamed child and watched it go, shredding itself to pieces in the Spring sunshine.

And Gammon-gata, kissing her tenderly, said: "Go home, Katipah, and learn to have courage! And when you have learned it I will be faithful and will come to you again. Only remember, however long we may be parted, and whatever winds blow ill-fortune up to your door, Gammon-gata will watch over you. For in deed and truth you are the wife of the West Wind now, and truly he loves you, Katipah!"

"Oh, Gammon-gata!" cried Katipah, "tell the other winds when they come to blow courage into me, and to blow me back to you, and do not let that be long!"

"I will tell them," said Gammon-gata; and suddenly he was gone. Katipah saw a

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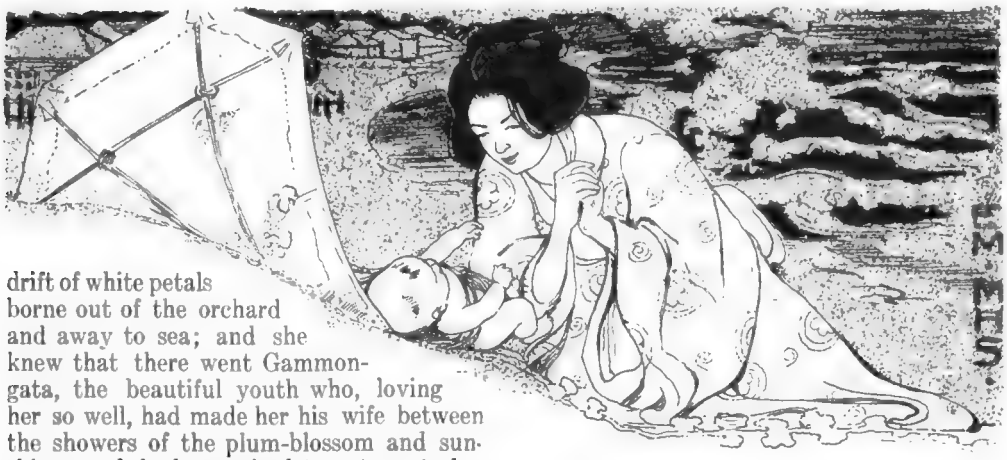

drift of white petals borne out of the orchard and away to sea; and she knew that there went Gammon-gata, the beautiful youth who, loving her so well, had made her his wife between the showers of the plum-blossom and sunshine, and had promised to return to her when she had fitted herself to receive him.

In the evening Bimsha looked over the fence and jeered at her. "Do not think, Katipah," she cried, "that you will ever get a husband for all your soft looks! You are too poor and unprofitable."

Katipah folded her meek little body together like a concertina when it shuts and squatted to earth in great contentment of spirit. "Silly Bimsha," said she, "I already have a husband—a fine one! Ever so much finer than yours!"

Bimsha turned pale and cold with envy to hear her say that; for she feared that Katipah was too good and simple to tell her an untruth even in mocking. But she put a brave face upon the matter, saying only: "I will believe in that fine husband when I see him!"

"Oh, you will see him," answered Katipah, "if you look high enough! But he is far away over *your* head, Bimsha; and you will not hear him beating me at night, for that is not his way!"

At this soft answer Bimsha went away into her house in a fury; and Katipah laughed to herself; then she sighed and said: "Oh, Gammon-gata, return to me quickly, lest my word shall seem false to Bimsha, who hates me!"

Every day after this Bimsha thrust her face over the fence to say: "Katipah, where is this fine husband of yours? He does not seem to come home very often."

Katipah answered slyly: "He comes home late when it is dark, and goes away very early almost before it is light. It is not necessary for his happiness that he should see *you*."

"Certainly there is a change in Katipah," thought Bimsha; "she has become saucy with her tongue." But her envious heart would not let her leave the matter in peace; night and morning she cried to Katipah: "Katipah, where is your fine husband?"

And Katipah laughed at her, thinking to herself: "To begin with, I will not be afraid of anything Bimsha may say. Let Gammon-gata know that!"

And now every day she looked up into the sky to see what wind was blowing; but east, or north, or south, it was never the one wind that she looked for.

The East Wind came from the sea, bringing rain, and beat upon Katipah's door at night. Then Katipah would rise and open, and standing in the downpour would cry: "East Wind, East Wind, go and tell your brother, Gammon-gata, that I am not afraid of you any more than I am of Bimsha!"

One night the East Wind, when she said that, pulled a tile off Bimsha's house and threw it at her; and Katipah ran in and hid behind the door in a great hurry. After that she had less to say when the East Wind came and blew under her gable and rattled at her door. "Oh, Gammon-gata," she sighed, "if I might only set eyes on you I would fear nothing at all!"

When the weather grew fine, Katipah returned to the shore and flew her kite as she had always done before the love of Gammon-gata had entered her heart. Now and then, as she did so, the wind would change softly and begin blowing from the west. Then little Katipah would pull lovingly at the string and cry: "Oh, Gammon-gata, have you got fast hold of it up there?"

One day after dusk, when she, the last of all the flyers, hauled down her kite to earth, she found a heron's feather fastened among the strings. Katipah knew who had sent that, and kissed it a thousand times over; nor

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did she mind for many days afterward what Bimsha might say, because the heron's feather lay so close to her heart, warming it with the hope of Gammon-gata's return.

But as weeks and months passed on, and Bishma still did not fail to say each morning, "Katipah, where is your fine husband to-day?" the timid heart grew faint with waiting.

"Alas!" thought Katipah, "if Heaven would only send me a child I would show it to her; she would believe me easily then"

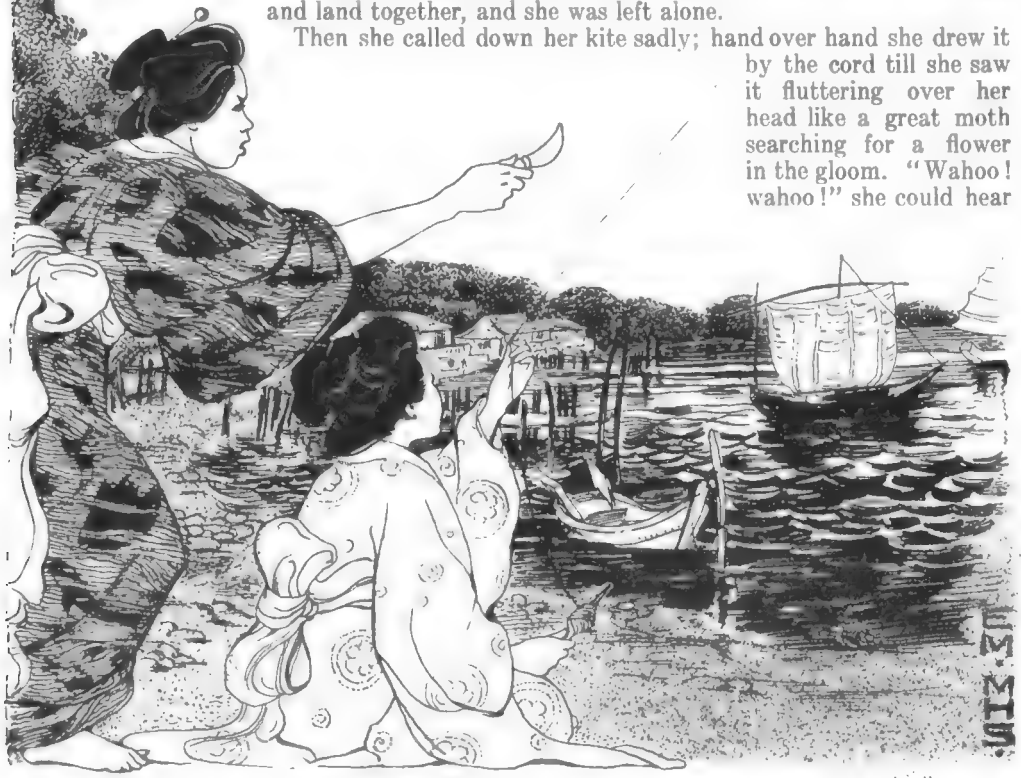
And now every day and all day long she sent up her kite from the seashore, praying that a child might be borne to her and convince Bimsha of the truth. Every one said: "Katipah is mad about kite-flying. See how early she goes and how late she stays; hardly any weather keeps her indoors."

One day the West Wind came full-breathed over land and sea, and Katipah was among the first on the beach to send up her messenger with word to Gammon-gata of the thing for which she prayed.

"Gammon-gata," she sighed, "the voice of Bimsha afflicts me daily; my heart is bruised by the mockery she casts at me. Did I not love thee under the plum-tree, Gammon-gata? Ask of Heaven, therefore, that a child may be borne to me, ever so small let it be, and Bimsha will become dumb. Gammon-gata, it is a very little thing that I am asking."

All day long she let her kite go farther up into the sky than all the other kites. Overhead the wind sang in their strings like bees, or like the thin cry of very small children; but Katipah's was so far away she could scarcely see it against the blue. "Gammon-gata," she cried, till the twilight drew sea and land together, and she was left alone.

Then she called down her kite sadly; hand over hand she drew it by the cord till she saw it fluttering over her head like a great moth searching for a flower in the gloom. "Wahoo! wahoo!" she could hear



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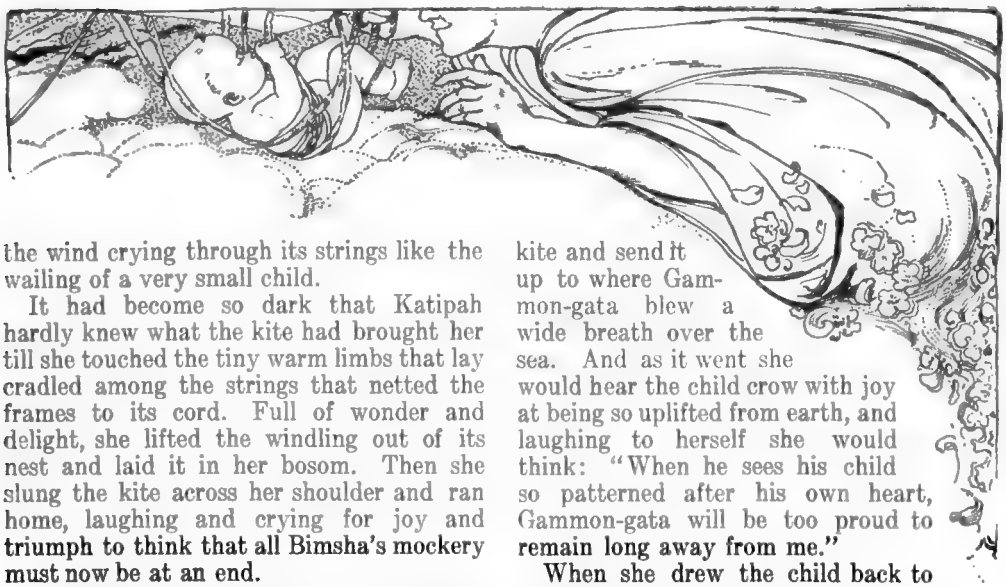

the wind crying through its strings like the wailing of a very small child.

It had become so dark that Katipah hardly knew what the kite had brought her till she touched the tiny warm limbs that lay cradled among the strings that netted the frames to its cord. Full of wonder and delight, she lifted the windling out of its nest and laid it in her bosom. Then she slung the kite across her shoulder and ran home, laughing and crying for joy and triumph to think that all Bimsha's mockery must now be at an end.

So quite early the next morning Katipah sat herself down very demurely in the doorway, with her child hidden in the folds of her gown, and waited for Bimsha's evil eye to thrust itself over her happiness.

She had not long to wait. Bimsha came out of her door and, looking across to Katipah, cried: "Well, Katipah, and where is your fine husband to-day?"

"My husband is gone out," said Katipah, "but if you care to look you can see my baby. It is ever so much more beautiful than yours."

Bimsha when she heard that turned green and yellow with envy; and there plain to see was Katipah holding up to view the most beautiful babe that ever gave the sunlight a good excuse for visiting this wicked earth. The mere sight of so much innocent beauty and happiness gave Bimsha a shock from which it took her three weeks to recover. After that she would sit at her window, and for pure envy keep watch to see Katipah and the child playing together, the child which was so much more beautiful and well-behaved than her own.

As for Katipah, she was so happy now that the sorrow of waiting for her husband's return grew small. Day by day the West Wind blew softly, and she knew that Gammon-gata was there keeping watch over her and the child.

Every day she would say to the little one: "Come, my plum-petal, my wind-flower, I will send thee up to thy father that he may see how fat thou art getting and be proud of thee!" And going down to the shore she would lay the child among the strings of the kite and send it up to where Gammon-gata blew a wide breath over the sea. And as it went she would hear the child crow with joy at being so uplifted from earth, and laughing to herself she would think: "When he sees his child so patterned after his own heart, Gammon-gata will be too proud to remain long away from me."

When she drew the child back to her out of the sky, she covered it with caresses, crying "Oh, my wind-blown one, my cloudlet, my sky blossom, my little piece out of heaven, hast thou seen thy father, and has he told thee that he loves me?" And the child would crow with mysterious delight, being too young to tell anything it knew in words.

Bimsha out of her window watched and saw all this, not comprehending it; and in her evil heart a wish grew up that she might by some means put an end to all Katipah's happiness. So one day toward evening, when Katipah, alone upon the shore, had let her kite and her little one go up to the fleecy edges of a cloud through which the golden sunlight was streaming, Bimsha came softly behind, and with a sharp knife cut the string by which alone the kite was held from falling.

"Oh, silly Bimsha!" cried Katipah, "what have you done that for?"

Up in air the kite made a plunge forward, fluttered and stumbled in its course, and came shooting headlong to earth.

"Oh, dear," cried Katipah, "if my beautiful little kite gets torn, Bimsha, that will be your fault!"

When the kite fell, it lay unhurt on one of the soft sandhills that ringed the bay; but no sign of the child was to be seen. Katipah was laughing when she picked up her kite and ran home. And Bimsha thought: "Is it witchcraft, or did the child fall into the sea?"

In the night the West Wind came and tapped at Katipah's window, and rising from her bed she heard Gammon-gata's voice

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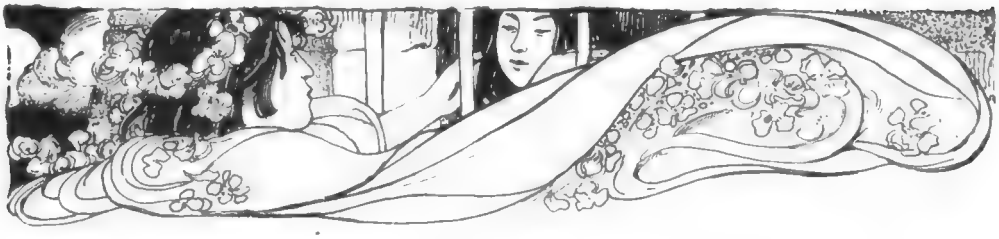

calling tenderly to her. When she opened the window to the blindness of the black night he kissed her, and putting the little one in her arms, said: "Wait only a little while longer, Katipah, and I will come again to you! Already you are learning to be brave"

In the morning Bimsha looked out, and there sat Katipah in her own doorway with the child safe and sound in her arms. And, plain to see he had on a beautiful golden coat, and little silver wings were fastened to his feet, and his head was garnished with a wreath of flowers the like of which were never seen on earth. He was like a child of noble birth and fortune, and the small motherly face of Katipah shone with pride and happiness as she nursed him.

"Where did you steal those things?" asked Bimsha. "And how did the child come back? I thought he had fallen into the sea and been drowned."

"Ah!" cried Katipah slyly, "he was up in the clouds when the kite left him, and he came down with the rain last night. It is nothing wonderful. You were foolish, Bimsha, if you thought that to fall into the clouds would do the child any harm. Up there you can have no idea how beautiful it is, such fields of gold, such wonderful gardens, such flowers and fruits; it is from there that all the beauty and wealth of the world must come. See all that he has brought with him! And it is all your doing, because you cut the cord of the kite. Oh, clever Bimsha!"

As soon as Bimsha heard that she ran and got a big kite, and fastening her own child into the strings started it to fly.

"Do not think," cried the envious woman, "that you are the only one whose child is to go clothed in gold! My child is as good as yours any day; wait and you shall see!"

So presently, when the kite was well up into the clouds, as Katipah's kite had been, she cut the cord, thinking surely that the same fortune would be for her as had been for Katipah. But instead of that, all at once the kite fell headlong to the earth, child and all; and when she ran to pick him up, Bimsha found that her son's life had paid forfeit for her own enviousness and folly.

The wicked woman went green and purple with jealousy and rage, and running to the chief magistrate she told him that while she was flying a kite with her child fastened to its back, Katipah had come out and cut the string, so that by her doing the child was now dead.

When the chief magistrate heard that, he sent and caused Katipah to be thrown into prison, and told her that the next day she should certainly be put to death.

Katipah went meekly, carrying her little son in one hand and her blue-and-green kite in the other, for that had become so dear to her that she could not now part from it. And all the way to prison Bimsha followed, mocking and asking: "Tell us, Katipah, where is your fine husband now?"

In the night the West Wind came and tapped at the prison window and called tenderly: "Katipah, Katipah, are you there?" And when Katipah got up from her bed of straw and looked out, there was Gammon-gata once more.

He reached his hands through the bars and put them round her face. "Katipah," he said, "you have become brave; you are now fit to be the wife of the West Wind. To-morrow you shall travel with me all over the world; you shall not stay in one land any more. Now give me our son; for a little while I must take him from you. To prove your courage, you must find your own way out of this trouble which you have got into through making a fool of Bimsha."

So Katipah gave him the child through the bars of the prison window, and when he was gone lay down and slept till it became light.

In the morning the chief magistrate and Bimsha, together with the whole populace, came to Katipah's cell to see her led out to death. And when it was found that her child had disappeared, "She is a witch!" they cried. "She has eaten it!" And the chief magistrate said that, being a witch, instead of hanging she was to be burned.

"I have not eaten my child, and I am no

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witch!" said Katipah, as taking with her her blue-and-green kite she trotted out to the place of execution. When she was come to the appointed spot, she said to the chief magistrate: "To every criminal it is permitted to plead in defense of himself; but because I am innocent am I not also allowed to plead?"

The chief magistrate told her she might speak if she had anything to say.

"All I ask," said Katipah, "is that I may be allowed once more to fly my blue-and-green kite as I used to do in the days when I was happy, and I will show you soon that I am not guilty of what is laid to my charge. It is a very little thing that I ask!"

So the chief magistrate gave her leave; and there before all the people she sent up her kite till it flew high over the roofs of the town. Softly the West Wind took it and blew it away toward the sea. "Oh, Gammon-gata," she whispered gently, "hear me now, for I am not afraid!"

The wind blew hard upon the kite, and pulled as though to catch it away, so Katipah twisted the cord once or twice round her waist that she might keep the safer hold over it. Then she said to the chief magistrate and to all the people that were assembled: "I am innocent of all that is charged against me! For, first, it was that wicked Bimsha herself that killed her own child."

"Prove it!" cried the chief magistrate.

"I cannot," replied Katipah

"Then you must die," said the chief magistrate.

"In the second place," went on Katipah, "I did not eat my own child."

"Prove it!" cried the chief magistrate again

"I will," said Katipah. "Oh, Gammon-gata, it is a very little thing that I ask!"

Down the string of the kite, first a mere speck

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against the sky, then larger till plain for all to see, came the missing one, slithering and sliding, with his golden coat, and the little silver wings tied to his ankles, and handfuls of flowers which he threw into his mother's face as he came.

"Oh, cruel chief magistrate," cried Katipah, receiving the babe in her arms, "does it seem that I have eaten him?"

"You are a witch," said the chief magistrate, "or how do you come to have a child that disappears and comes again from nowhere! It is not possible to permit such things to be; you and your child shall both be burned together!"

Katipah drew softly upon the kite-string. "Oh, Gammon-gata," she cried, "lift me up now very high, and I will not be afraid!"

Then suddenly before all eyes Katipah was lifted up by the cord of the kite which she had wound about her waist; right up from the earth she was lifted, till her feet rested above the heads of the people.

Katipah, with her babe in her arms, swung softly through the air, out of reach of the hands stretched up to catch her, and addressed the populace in these words:

"Oh, cruel people, who will not believe innocence when it speaks, you must believe me now! I am the wife of the West Wind, of Gammon-gata, the beautiful, the bearer of fine weather, who also brings back the wings that fly, till the Winter be over. Is it well, do you think, to be at war with the West Wind?

"Ah, foolish ones, I go now, for Gammon-gata calls me, and I am no longer afraid. I go to travel in many lands whither he carries me, and it will be long before I return here. Many dark days are coming to you and you shall not feel the West Wind, the bearer of fine weather, blowing over you from land to sea; nor shall you see the blossoms open white over the hills, nor feel the earth grow warm as the Summer comes in, because the bringer of fair weather is angry with you for the foolishness which you have done. But when at last the West Wind returns to you, remember that Katipah, the poor and unprofitable one, is Gammon-gata's wife, and that she has remembered and has prayed for you."

And so saying Katipah threw open her arms and let go the cord of the kite which held her safe

"Oh, Gammon-gata," she cried, "I do not see your eyes, but I am not afraid!"

And at that even while she seemed upon the point of falling to destruction, there flashed into sight a fair youth with dark hair and garments full of a storm of flying petals, who, catching up Katipah and her child in his arms, laughed scorn to those below and roaring over the roofs of the town vanished away seaward.

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TOILERS OF THE HOME.

A COLLEGE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES AS A DOMESTIC SERVANT.

By Lillian Pettengill.

[Shortly after graduating from Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, in 1898, Miss Pettengill took her first step toward a practical inquiry into those social questions that had for some time been vexing her independent mind. She went into domestic service. While the following relation of her experiences protends to the solution of no problem, it is yet full of suggestions for both mistress and maid. This article will be followed by three others from the same source.—Editor.]

I AM a servant girl, and I work in the kitchens of strangers for my daily bread.

I was not born to the life, nor did I slide into it along the lines of least resistance, as into an inheritance from my forebears. Why am I, then, as I am? Because I have heard, read and believed that the respectable American girls who work will cheerfully starve and suffocate in a mill, factory or big department store, or do almost any other thing, rather than enter domestic service: and this when housekeepers do all but stand on the street corners as they pass beseeching them to come in and help. Yet, surely, if one must work, much is to be said in favor of domestic service. Financially, the servant girl earning four dollars a week is better off than the factory hand or shop girl whose wages are double that amount. Board, lodging, and in many instances her working clothes, are found for her. There are no claims on her money. It may go in pleasures or be laid aside against a rainy day. Who ever heard of a shop girl with a couple of hundred dollars in the savings bank? I have met many servants who have had more than that to their credit. From the point of view of material comfort, there is really no comparison between the lot of a girl in a good place and that of her sister who works by the day. To a large extent servants share the luxuries of their employers. They live in the best localities of the city, instead of in the poor and crowded quarters—in cheerful homes, spacious, well-lighted, instead of in the dark, airless, often unsanitary houses of "Mean Street." Their bedrooms are generally the smallest in the house, it is true, yet how superior in comfort to any they could rent for $1.50 or $2.00, which is what the average working-girl can afford to pay for her lodging. The food in the kitchen is, as a rule, plentiful, and good and varied. How beneficial to the health are such advantages you may discover if you compare the clear skins, bright eyes, well-developed figures of the maids whom you find in your friends' houses, with the narrow chests, sallow complexions and hollow eyes to be seen behind the counters of all the stores or bending over the machinery in the big workshops.

Nor is housework in itself distasteful to women: most of the girls who scorn service at twenty, marry, and for the rest of their lives contentedly go through the work connected with a home under conditions which render such work much more arduous than it is in the properly equipped establishments of the class who are sufficiently wealthy to employ help.

How can my countrywomen who have their own living to make be so blind to the butter side of their bread?

It is vain to expect light from the revelations of housekeeping friends. These recite only their woes, which are the failures and shortcomings of many maids, past and present; or, lacking woeful experience, explain their own virtues and theorize vaguely. Nobody ever says anything about the woes of the serving maid. Has she none? How strange if, with so much to be said on the one side, there is nothing to be urged on the other. Perhaps housekeeping women do not themselves know the details of their duties, or the importance of system, the ignorance of which they deplore in their underlings. Maybe they do not understand the art of the supervision and the management of help.

I have talked with my friend Gretchen, my aunt's maid, who is in chronic discontent with her lot.

"Living out is very hard and very hateful," she says; "I wouldn't be here if I could do anything else; perhaps sometime I can. I'd like to be a nurse."

"But why is housework so very hard,

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Gretchen?" I asked. "You wouldn't mind doing it in a house of your own?"

"Oh, no, I'd like the chance; but when you go to live out you haven't any place. Nobody wants to associate with you."

That seems such a trivial reason, hardly worth proving true or false, certainly too slight for influence; yet it troubles Gretchen more than anything else. Had I been less eager to prove to her that such attitude toward one's work is unworthy, the conference might have been more satisfactory. Indeed, Gretchen hesitated to speak at all, lest she should appear to make claims for herself or for fear her reasons should not find respect.

"You don't know anything about this life," she said at the last, "and I can't tell you. You must have the experience; only I hope you never will have it anything like as I've had it."

The experience: that is the point. How to solve the problem, how gather facts to reason from unless by living the life myself? Then and there I decided to become a servant.

Gretchen was aghast at my plan for taking up her work.

"Oh, no, don't do that," she implored. "It's no place for you. You get some office work, or something; anything is better than this. Indeed, Miss Pettengill, I'd not like to see you out doing housework."

How else am I to learn? Gretchen cannot tell me, and it may be long to wait before one of her class pictures to the public the conditions of their industrial life. Meantime, mistresses are reading and writing their string of platitudes and exchanging their gossip. While we await the champion of the under dog, I propose to look upon the ups and downs of this particular dog-life from the dog's end of the chain. So I enter domestic service.

MY first place was with the Barrys. They had advertised in the newspaper for a general housework girl. The Barry family live in an aristocratic section of the city, in a big house, on a big plot of ground; there is lawn and breathing space on all four sides; and I feared, I knew not what, as I went up into the spacious porch, with its many white pillars, and rang the bell. Mrs. Barry's sister, Mrs. Wakefield, came to me in the library, in a calico wrapper of the kind most popular in rural districts. She was a heavy, gray-haired matron, with a good, kind face.

"You advertised for a girl to do housework," I suggested haltingly, after she had said "Good-morning!" with a rising inflection.

"Yes. Do you want a place for yourself?"

I answered then "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to many businesslike questions—the "a" in ma'am being flat as in the colloquial. I listened also to what must have been a fair and honest exposition of the family life and routine; but it was spoken in a spiritless way, as a story told often to weariness.

"I'd like you to see my sister who is ill upstairs," said Mrs. Wakefield. "She has been ill all winter—nothing contagious," she added with a quick look to see how I took it. "She had a stroke last summer and has been ill ever since; but she is still the head of the house, though practically I have charge. Will you come upstairs?"

I assented, of course, and stood in embarrassed silence while a feeble, colourless little woman looked me over, speaking peevishly the while of her long confinement. She remarked that I was small and the family large, but in the end gave doubtful approval.

Bethinking me, then, of what is supposed to be the servant girl's chief interest in life: "Can I have an afternoon out?"

"Oh, yes; we always give an afternoon out," said Mrs. Wakefield; "every Thursday and every other Sunday," with another quick look to see if I were satisfied. "Or, in place of Thursday you may have any other afternoon except Monday or Tuesday."

Finally she showed me the room I was to have. "I always like the girl to see her room before she comes," she said.

For Mrs. Wakefield had engaged me on trial for one week.

"I think that is the best way, and then each can decide for herself, and there is no mistake." But she thought: "You are so small; you're without experience, never having lived out in the city, and we are a family of eight."

So far as I am concerned, it is a family of eleven, for Mr. Barry's nephew, James, the colored coachman, and myself eat here.

Mrs. Wakefield seemed to note nothing extraordinary in my appearance. That was a relief, for I desired above all things to seem like other "girls"; and as an attempt to that end adopted for outdoor

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wear a black, curlicued cloth coat, fashioned in the winter of '96–'97. For indoors I dropped my old ways and took model after the timidly reserved, unobtrusive and monosyllabic Gretchen. It is not hard to appear timid and shrinking in my new life. I am really so; and monosyllables come naturally.

THE LOWEST ROUND.

When I returned next day Mrs. Wakefield was glad to see me, though not exuberantly so. "You'll want first to go to your room, I suppose; you may go right up. Rachel, my sister, is on that floor.

"Rachel!" she called. "Eliza has come; she is going up."

I started upstairs, thinking how queer it was for her to be talking about an Eliza just then, as if she had mixed me up with that strange person. The second landing, however, brought the reflection that I was now Eliza.

Sister Rachel, pleasantly philanthropic, met me at the third-floor landing and led the way to my room. I did not ask her to enter. I did not know, except as I picked it up point by point, the etiquette of my new station. Miss Rachel made her observations from the far side of the sill, therefore. She called my attention to the fact that the room was ready—that the bed had been spread up.

I said "Yes'm," silently remarking the wash-stand, where were displayed in order the meager toilet service and a clean towel —a section of discarded table-cloth—and the clean sash-curtains of scrim at the one window. Otherwise the room was as I had seen it the day before—a repository of furniture that had seen better days; one corner table with a fringed plush cover; one marble-top wash-stand with three small drawers; one ancient piano stool under the window, also with a fringe cover upon which some hungry mouse had once fed bounteously. (I did not know until afterward, when I swept, that all these articles divided in their joints.) The weather-worn veranda rocker was the best of four chairs, being entirely whole. There was also a single wooden bedstead and a dusty patchwork carpet around it. Quilting frames and a tall step-ladder stood in the most inconspicuous corner, and pasteboard boxes under the bed made a shift for bureau drawers conspicuous for their inconvenience.

It wasn't very cheerful, somehow, but I didn't mind. The yellow sunshine came in aslant, warm and glorious; and I took the benefit of it while I donned my new blue-and-white gingham dress, apron to match, with clean linen collar and bright red necktie.

Mrs. Wakefield seemed in no hurry to set me to work when I reported to her in the big and far from immaculate kitchen.

"I'm just working over my bread," she said. "I'm rather late with it, but we usually bake a-Saturday. I don't know how it's going to come out this time, I'm sure. There's a knack in making good bread, and I don't always hit it."

I knew too little about bread-making to discuss it, having merely watched the process a few times. I looked on at Mrs. Wakefield's work for a few minutes, embarrassed to be doing nothing; but she had given me nothing to do. Mine was the strained alertness that naturally goes with one into an untried and dreaded place; hence the eagerness to be at some work for its own sake.

A rather untidy young woman was in the opposite corner at the sink, just finishing the morning dishes. At intervals she gave forth a hoarsely guttural groan or sigh. She turned about soon, and Mrs. Wakefield presented me.

"Her name is Eliza," she said.

The young woman was Miss Clara, the oldest daughter. I waited for her to acknowledge the introduction in some way, but Miss Clara only stared.

"She is entirely deaf," explained Mrs. Wakefield; "yet she understands by reading the lips; she talks a little, too, but hoarsely and not well, for she cannot hear herself, even."

Miss Clara, having finished the dishes, was told to "Show Eliza how you sweep the dining-room." That is, get it ready to be swept. But Mrs. Wakefield followed to see that I understood, even as she came in afterward from time to time to note the progress. She was solicitous lest I be not strong enough to carry the chairs into the hall, or to move the table, although it was on casters. I know I'm small; but I answered her nevertheless by seizing the big armchair and bearing it forth with apparent ease. Really, I found it heavy.

The sweeping of that dining-room kept me one hour and a half. The carpet was thick and long-piled, very expansive, very

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dusty, and full of short white hairs. The little fox-terrier Benny, and his mother Nixie, roamed at large. The exercise was the all-over kind. It had been seven months since I had even pretended to sweep a carpet, and all the energy I could summon was needed behind the broom. But I produced an obvious effect, for when I had finished the carpet was clean swept.

Mrs. Wakefield did not propose any other task for several minutes. I wanted to put on a clean table-cloth, but she had discouraged the idea. And such a table-cloth as it was! If I had been the Barrys I would have chosen more table-cloths per week and less plated silver. But fresh linen was sacred to but one day of the seven—Sunday—being chosen and laid out for me after breakfast by Miss Arleen.

As I stood about in the kitchen, Mrs. Wakefield said that the room would be made fresh and clean in the Spring.

"It's dingy now, and the walls are stained in that corner by the dripping of a leaky steampipe. We've been troubled by the leak all winter; it keeps that farther window stained. You might clean that window, if you want to, though it will be just as bad as soon as the pipe leaks again."

I said "All right!" and she showed me where the things were.

"Shall I clean the other window?" I asked in the freshness of enthusiasm.

"I suppose it would look better," was the reply, dryly given.

The window did look better, as she said, but cleaning windows is hungry work. I was doubly interested to see Miss Clara rush in and begin active preparations for lunch. She began to slice a loaf of scrapple, a most villainously disposed mixture, which I had never before seen in the raw state.

"Let Eliza cut it, Clara; let Eliza cut it. I guess she knows how to cut a bit of scrapple," said Mrs. Wakefield.

Miss Clara therefore relinquished the knife, and Eliza cut and fried some of the most belligerent foodstuff she ever saw. How it did sputter, to be sure! How I did wish my arms were a little longer, that I might tend it from yet farther away!

"You don't have to stand over it all the time," advised Mrs. Wakefield; "it'll cook by itself; there's fire under it."

I laughed. "I was afraid it might run away; it seems rather active."

It was evident that I was green. I remember nothing else about the lunch except that I sat down to some chilly remnants at a very mussy-looking dining-table.

"You can eat in the dining-room as soon as we're through," Mrs. Wakefield had said. "James eats in the kitchen at his own table and with his own things. We wouldn't ask you to eat in the kitchen with him, though he is a respectable darkey and very civil always. He has worked here for six years."

I don't know that I should have minded eating with James; there was a respectable cloth upon his table. I didn't want to eat much, anyway, being faint rather than hungry after the long wait of an hour and a half. I refused both tea and coffee, to the wonder of the women. Good, philanthropic Miss Rachel thought extra milk should be taken for me. The food provided, though the same as had served the family, was not tempting. But engines cannot be run without fuel, nor a human body without food, I remembered, and so I managed to eat a goodly quantity of solid provision. It was quite as well to have started in that way, for I met every one of my pet abominations at the Barrys'. My appetite is fickle no more. Certainly, there was always enough to eat, if not at the moment I preferred.

That first afternoon differed little from any other, save that I did the cleaning-up more thoroughly. After lunch Mrs. Wakefield and Miss Clara retired without comment and I was left to my own devices. I cleared the table first and reset it for dinner. Then there were dishes and a pile a little lower than Cheops of cooking things to be washed. I found but slight taste for this task; the first plunge of my hands into the water and the subsequent grasping of each greasy pan was a distinct moral victory. Moreover, my back began to ache from the consumptive stoop necessary while I worked at the low sink, though I stand but five feet two. When I found I could sit on the low steps and wash dishes I was happy indeed. Then I cleaned up the kitchen, penetrating now and then into a far corner untroubled by my predecessors. But the range became the subject of deliberation.

"The blacking is in the box in the shed, Eliza; not that you need feel obliged to use it to-day—you may find you have enough to do without that—only so you'll know where it is," Mrs. Wakefield had said.

I did not use the blacking that day for

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various reasons. In the first place, I was quite tired, and the big floor was still to be washed; second, I had never blackened a stove in my life; third, no one had blackened the one before me for many moons, and it seemed hopeless enough, with its spattering of grease and sprinkling of ashes. I decided to use paper and a wet cloth, which I did, with twice the ease and half the effect. What woman was it who kept her stove well washed always, rather than well blacked? There were also coal-hods and ash-pans, but they did not concern me.

"James always attends to them!" said Mrs. Wakefield.

James and I were never introduced, save as the weather bulletins, which he announced on his various errands through the kitchen to the cellar, served to make us known; and our after-acquaintance moved slowly, for James never lounged in the house. But we did talk a little, and I found him intelligent, sensible and fairly well-informed. He had been to Boston to school, Mrs. Wakefield told me, and gave of his wages to a mother's support.

I went upstairs at five o'clock that Saturday afternoon, almost dizzy from weariness; but my daily medicine proved sufficient. What refreshment there is in a cold sponge bath! There was time, too, for me to lie flat upon my back and for half an hour to think of nothing whatever. Half-past five had seemed early enough to peel potatoes for the half-past six dinner, but when I got downstairs again I found Miss Clara before me. Somebody else came to help serve the dinner; afterward, in the dining-room, I passed the tea, a service which was not required of me if I objected. Then I sat down with the two dogs and awaited my own dinner. Mrs. Wakefield served James after she had herself finished. As I sat at my solitary meal it seemed as though I never could go on with the work that was left: the interminable dishes and the setting-to-order of the dining-room. But it was only the first step, then another, and another, and the all but impossible was done—though I doubt if it would have been if Miss Clara had not come to my rescue.

Mrs. Wakefield came down just as I was finishing, and while she was in the kitchen Miss Arleen looked in on her way out to the drug store.

"You'd better take Eliza along," suggested Mrs. Wakefield with some concern.

But Miss Arleen scorned the idea of so slight a protector, and I was already dead tired.

"You can go upstairs when you like now, Eliza," said Mrs. Wakefield. "You are through, and tired. It is not necessary for you to be down at night, after your work is done, and I shall be here now to let in Miss Arleen when she returns. Breakfast to-morrow will not be until half-past eight, and I shall be down to show you about it, so you needn't get up until we call you."

"Yes'm, thank you," I murmured, and departed without loss of time.

After this I found no one day at the Barrys' very different from any other day. My work was a regular routine without interruptions or extras. There was no demand for personal service. Miss Arleen cooked her mother's meals and prepared the trays. Somebody came downstairs to cook Mr. Lyman's lunch when he came late from school; if it was a cold lunch I set it out for him. Mrs. Wakefield or Miss Arleen made what desserts were served in the house. Mrs. Wakefield, also, did almost everything for the Sunday dinner, which was a little more elaborate than that of other days. If I was busy at noon, and frequently when I was unoccupied, Mrs. Wakefield prepared the midday lunch. Miss Clara liked to do the upstairs work that is generally done by a chambermaid. She liked, also, on Tuesday morning, to help with the ironing, preferring the starched things, of which there were but few, for the finer clothes were sent to the laundry.

For my own part, when Sophie came to wash on Monday I helped rinse and hang out the clothes; and I chose Monday afternoon to iron, for the big clothes-basket was always full and it was a comfort to have emptied it by Tuesday noon. On Tuesday, also, I baked bread, and on Saturday; one other day in the week I made rolls. On Wednesday I had two or three hours of leisure between breakfast dishes and lunch, and again two hours between lunch dishes and dinner-time. One Thursday morning I asked for the silver polish and cleaned some of the silver. I would have done it oftener, except that when I asked Mrs. Wakefield what special work there was for me the first Thursday morning, she "guessed there was nothing much," as Miss Clara had lately rubbed up the silver; and she went off, muttering under her breath

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that I was a queer girl. Friday morning I swept my room, the heavily carpeted halls, and cleaned two bathrooms. On Saturday, as at first, I swept the dining-room. The cleaning of the kitchen and the dishes were with me always.

It was only the breakfast hour with which I felt disposed to quarrel. I never before realized how exasperating it must be to the workers to have people irregular at meals, especially the first meal of the day. Mr. Howard, going early to business, had to have his breakfast at seven o'clock. Miss Clara was generally down to help me with this. Then, between eight and half-past, the sound of Mr. Barry in the dining-room was the signal for me to take in his steak, bread and butter and tea. After he had left the house the rest of the family appeared one by one, as it happened, and sometimes with as many special orders, until half-past nine; then it was my turn. Such had been the custom only since Mrs. Barry's illness. They feared the breakfast bell would rouse her. None the less, it had not been my habit to breakfast three hours after rising, and the longer I did it the more irksome it became. I waived my prejudice at last and took to coffee—one and two cups while I waited and wished for something more sustaining. But I feared the possible unpleasantness of having somebody ask: "Where's all that steak?" as seemed possible if I served myself before being told.

I believe, had I remained long enough to feel really at home, I should have regularly cooked for myself and eaten as soon as was convenient. For the long, unfortified wait, I find, tends to sour the outlook on life before the morning work has fairly begun, and is the source of much unhappiness. I did follow this plan one or two mornings, having made sure that there were chops enough to go round. Once Mrs. Wakefield came in and found me eating there with James, each at a table on opposite sides of the room. A most peculiar expression passed over the matron's face, but if she spoke at all it was merely to the effect that I was "queer enough." This because I was in the kitchen with James, probably; but, of a truth, I was more comfortable so. On the one or two mornings when the family was unusually late I was told to go and breakfast at the dining-room table, but I went under compulsion and felt ill at ease.

It was evident that my *rôle* in the *ménage* called for little save strength. There was no demand for intelligence. So when the muscles began to harden, the labor to be more easily managed and a time-saving system discovered, I realized that the enthusiasm with which I had begun was waning; that my work was the most uninteresting round of drudgery a house can furnish, and that literally I had commenced at the very bottom round of my professional ladder with no chance for climbing to the next one.

In cooking only I was really interested, perhaps because I could not do it well, though with bread and rolls, both of which I tried at the Barrys' for the first time, I had very fair luck—and appreciative consumers, as well.

Besides these efforts I made one sponge-cake, which didn't sponge properly because the oven wasn't right. And when I had done these things I had done all I knew. With respect for cookery as a fine art, I yearned to be an expert.

This wish I once confided to Mrs. Wakefield, who received it sympathetically, though without offering to teach me what she knew. She disclaimed all but the most ordinary ability. Likely enough, it was because it was not the work for which I had been engaged. I was supposed to have enough to do without that.

But I ought not to complain, though, for Mrs. Wakefield took my failures serenely. This or that "would have been a bit better, perhaps, if it had cooked a little longer." Sometimes, indeed, it would have cooked longer if she had remembered to give me the order for it in time; and sometimes not.

I talked to Sophie, the washerwoman, of my culinary difficulties. She told me that when she first took a place she had had no ideas on the subject of cooking, but that she had bought a cookery book, and by implicitly following its instructions had arrived at a fair degree of skill.

Sophie was very poor, but of respectable appearance, and thin almost to emaciation.

"Why don't you live out, instead of working out by the day?" I asked her. "I should think you'd like it better."

"Oh, no," she answered me; "I'd rather work by the day, because then I can earn more money and be at home, too. If I had customers enough I could earn nine dollars a week working by the day."

"But don't you have to pay rent and buy food?" I objected; I, who was getting only

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one-third of nine dollars. "I shouldn't think you could make any more in the end."

"Oh, yes, I do, because I get lots of things at the different places where I work. They give me food and clothes; and my husband pays the rent."

Who would have thought, from the pride of her voice, that this husband paid the rent out of poor Sophie's wages for the coming week, collected ahead of time. Yet such proved the case—twice, anyhow.

"You must be getting rich fast, with nine dollars to put in the bank every week!" I congratulated her.

"'Deed, I wish I was, but I hain't got customers enough yet."

A seven-year-old boy at home, poorer living, and a castle in the air compensate Sophie for taking a "place." Could mortal woman without the strength of Hercules wash ten hours a day for six days a week?

I don't know why I was dissatisfied with my place. Certainly I was ever justly and considerately treated, and respect was always paid to my dignity. After only four weeks the ironing brought excessive weariness. I would that I were ambidextrous. The early strangeness had worn away and I had "found myself" (in the Kiplingian sense). Even my culinary endeavors—not wholly satisfactory to myself—met with neither fault-finding nor criticism. Indifferent acceptance was the attitude. The details over which I cogitated—for they made my work—being referred to authority, were answered with. "Oh, either way is good enough," or "You're ambitious; but then, you're a queer girl, anyhow."

This is one way to cure ambition.

Certainly, as time passed, I chafed more and more at the monotony; I felt my isolation, alone in a big houseful of people, with whom, though kindly and friendly, I could not feel at one, for I was not of them. Personal devotion might have grown in time, I suppose, but in four weeks the germ had not sprouted. I had no visiting friends, and no chance for the sort of society I would have chosen. Even "my every Thursday and every other Sunday" did not compensate for the week's dreariness. Though what a jolly click was that of the latch on the gate behind me at three o'clock! What a sense of wholesome freedom came to me with the turning of the corner!

It was hard to give notice to Mrs. Wakefield. I had no proper excuse for going, except that I wanted to.

"I have to tell you that I must go away on Saturday," I said.

"Do you? Away to stay?" she asked in genuine surprise, looking the more steadily into her mixing-bowl rather than at me. "Away for good? Not to come back?" After a pause: "Well, I'm sorry—I *am* sorry;" and after another pause: "I thought you seemed to get on very well."

"I wouldn't leave," I explained, "only I want to go to a friend in the country. She has written me to come."

"Do you want to go in the morning, or will you stay until the bread is baked?" She could see the limp in my excuse as well as I, of course.

I promised to see the bread through, and that ended the matter. No questions were asked as to why, where, or how long since, nor was the matter spoken of to me, until, with my bag packed and downstairs, I went out to her at half-past two on Saturday, in curly coat and expectant expression.

"Oh," she said, as if just reminded. "I've been carrying your money about with me all day," and taking the pay envelope out of her apron pocket, she began to speak immediately of some trivial matter.

"Well, good-by," I said at the first pause, uncertain of the etiquette of the occasion.

"Good-by," she said, a queer smile settling about her mouth. Then she looked at me, her face flushed and her eyes suggesting tears.

"I suppose now we'll have to begin all over again and hunt somebody else," she said wearily. "I don't think we're hard to get along with."

"I'm sorry, but I have to go," I murmured, staring at the wall behind her.

. . . . . .

"She did not offer to shake hands when I said good-by," was my comment to a matronly friend.

"Oh, we never do that," was the quick answer, accompanied with a slight elevation of the nose. "At least, I never do."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; but we never do."

I don't know, either. It seems queer to me, but perhaps Gretchen would neither have noticed nor remarked the omission.

(To be continued.)

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIFE ASSURANCE MAN.

[This article is the personal narrative of the distinguished vice-president of one of the largest life assurance companies, whose own career while a solicitor was exceptionally brilliant and famous.—EDITOR.]

FOR my part, I do not see how a life assurance man can help being enormously enthusiastic over his work. To begin with, it affords to the determined man, in proportion to his ability, an opportunity for a larger pecuniary success with a less expenditure of capital than any other profession or business open to men in general. But of deeper significance is the appeal it makes to his higher ideals, if he be one who can be touched at all by the higher things. For life assurance contributes directly to many of the most important necessities of modern life and happiness. It stimulates thrift and foresight; it provides courses of education; it furnishes pensions for old age. It not only reduces pauperism, but promotes national prosperity by creating multitudinous little aggregations of capital. A well-assured people is bound to be a conservative people, with the resources and impulse for substantial progress.

Therefore when a man hitches his personal ambition to a business of such obvious beneficence, he must be abnormal or degenerate if he is not immensely enthusiastic.

This creed I hold with singleness, and I have no apology for this attempt to record some of the experiences through which I have worked my way up from the lot of a poor farmer boy to a place of responsibility in directing the labors of the agents in a great assurance society.

I was born and spent my boyhood on a central New York farm. Whatever slowness of mind may be fostered by the restricting of a boy's daily opportunity to the barnyard and to the monotonous early and late fight to get a bare support out of stony soil, that I must have had. But, on the other hand, if a boy has definite aspirations, the steady hardness of farm life is the best school for the energy he requires if he is ever going to realize them.

After a few winters in a primitive district school, I went to the Clinton Liberal Institute. There I remained two years and then went back to the farm, satisfied that I needed no further education. But I now began reading the stimulating *Utica Herald*, and with better sense I returned and took two years more, graduating in the centennial year a fairly seasoned and very ambitious youth of twenty. I had determined to be a lawyer, and to get money for a start in reading law I taught school for a year.

The $300 proceeds of my teaching was, however, a small resource for what was before me, and after I had entered a village lawyer's office I conceived the idea of paying my way while in my studies by writing life assurance. I read through a State report on life assurance, and found myself drawn to a certain company because of its new feature of declaring its policies incontestable. This essentially fair provision, I reasoned, marked life assurance as a square proposition. I believed in it myself as a business measure, and though but twenty-one, unmarried, and without income, my first act as an agent was to apply for a $1,000 policy on my own life. I could not undertake to pay more than a semi-annual premium on the cheap, ordinary-life policy I had applied for; I had not even the money for that, and as I sent off my application I wondered where I should get the $10.35 to pay for it when it came.

But the money had been earned by the time the policy arrived, and as I took the document and read it through again and again it grew momentous, and I said aloud to myself: "You are a capitalist; if you should die you would leave an estate."

I selected as my first case my own father. Of course, he was the most difficult of persuasion of any man at that time. My advantage was a boundless opportunity of access. But he was a strenuous farmer of the old school; he could not imagine that he had money to pay premiums; he regarded life assurance as fanciful; and his son was the least likely person to win him to other views. It did require time. He threw me off with various tactics: superior wisdom, impatience, ridicule, obdurate silence, shrewd argument. But I returned to the attack with the limitless persistence you can use with your own flesh and blood. After three days of storm and stress I got him to sign an application for a $3,000 policy with a fifteen-year tontine period.

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When my father's policy matured I was an officer of the society and made the settlement with him. At that settlement there happened a thing which would have been excessively trying if I had not been scrupulous in my arguments fifteen years before. The policy had been issued in the days when the tontine principle was in full career; it meant that if you lapsed in paying a premium you lost all your rights to your policy, and the profits on all the money paid in went to the other fellow who had kept up his premiums; the result was an extraordinary amount of profit to all who held out through their "tontine period"; money doubled fast for the assured in those days. My father had preserved all my figuring and estimates, carefully pinned to the policy. As he compared the figures of the settlement with the figures of my original statement he knit his brows, and said across my office table:

"My boy, I am not receiving in this settlement as much as you figured I should."

"That's so, father. But those estimates, you remember, were mine, explicitly, and were not guaranteed by the society. You and I figured them out together upon the data which we had at that time. I showed you truthfully what profits you might expect if conditions remained as they were then. Now, what interest did you get on your money at that time?"

"Seven per cent."

"So did the society. What interest do you get at present?"

"Four or five per cent."

"So does the society. If you had kept your money yourself you would have got correspondingly less for it. Now, another question: how much of this money would you have now if you had not put it into premiums?"

"I think I would have about half of it, my son; I will admit I have been made a compulsory money-saver by this policy."

I have told the latter part of this story because it illustrates the principle I have used from the beginning — to be fully as explicit in what I did not promise as in what I did promise. The science of life assurance is mathematical and its contracts are exact. The solicitor makes an enormous mistake for himself and serves his society but ill when he permits his man to confuse official guarantees with anticipated dividends. That agent is best who avoids most scrupulously every trick of words and explains most definitely, and without possibility of misunderstanding, precisely what and how much this society guarantees. It is better to fail than to permit a man to trick himself.

After I had succeeded in assuring my father I was positive I could win with almost anybody. When, accordingly, I heard a few weeks later that a visiting agent of another big company was trying to assure the only well-to-do citizen of our village, I went to see him. He had known me always, and when I broached my subject he burst out: "What, boy, are you in the life assurance business?" He was so excessively amused that he did not cease laughing for five minutes. But he gave recognition to my earnestness, and my contest with the other agent, who was a clever fellow, went on for several days. Finally I won my man, and when his name went down on the application I gave him a binding receipt for a premium of $968. The result of that triumph not only confirmed my confidence that I could win a handsome success in life assurance if I would work at it hard enough, but also gave me cash sufficient to provide for my studies for six months to come.

But after my admission to the bar I did not practice law very long. Life assurance seemed more pleasurable and satisfactory. It had more of an appeal to my imagination and afforded daily the zest of conflict. Before long my society gave me a general agency with headquarters in a thriving and wealthy city in southern New York. It was there I had a very disheartening experience. After a careful investigation I had decided that the neighboring town of Cortland afforded an ample field for a week's profitable canvass. I arrived on a Saturday night, laid my plan comprehensively and accurately, and Monday morning I went to work. Before the end of the week I had enough cases promised to amount to over $35,000 of business. But not one of them could I actually complete. Every art failed. The obduracy was unanimous. My previous failures had been single and incidental, but this was overwhelming.

The nearest approach to success was with a banker who told me on Saturday that on Monday he might take a $10,000 policy. Monday morning I was in such a state of nervous depression that I went to his office hoping he would be absent. No; there he

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was, viciously biting at a cigar. He would not even speak to me at first. I spent an hour, but my failure was predestined, and I felt it was ignominious. I went back to my hotel disgusted with the whole business of life assurance. I reasoned that it was best to know when one met one's Waterloo, and that my faith in myself as a life-assurance man evidently had no feet.

But after an hour of this I began to recover myself, and determined that I had been a fool to condemn the whole business for one man. I looked over possible candidates and resolved to call on the minister I had heard preach the day before. He seemed to have reasonableness as well as energy. I found him in his study in the vestry, and when I proposed $10,000 to him I found he had been waiting for a proposal to be brought to him. In half an hour I obtained his application and check, and what was of incalculably greater weight to me—my own enthusiasm again. After that I never despaired at failures. I have had them—sometimes shoals of them. But I never forgot to think that somewhere near the scene of defeat was sitting a man who would welcome my proposal, and my business was to find him. Thenceforth, whenever I got behind the game I did not permit myself to be discouraged, but played on with steadier nerve if possible and with more determination. If the will is not paralyzed a series of failures does not make a calamity. Every agent has a chance to be a winner if he works long enough and hard enough. I have often said to my agents that, granting that they have the requisite ability, there are only three reasons that can stand in the way of large success: first, laziness; second, wrong methods; third, working with a wrong class of people. In nineteen cases out of twenty the first reason will cover the ground, but my Cortland experience demonstrated to me the frequent possibility of the third reason.

I learned how to make use of my failures. I investigated them so exhaustively and with so little mercy for myself that I began to have a superstition that I was bound never to fail twice in exactly the same way; I would say: "*That* form of failure shall not hit me again."

Thus, there was among my friends a man whom I felt certain I could assure. He had come into a good income, he was laying up nothing, he spent his money readily, he adored his family, and he had always liked my advice. He will keep, I thought, till some "off week," and then I will get him in about fifteen minutes for a $10,000 endowment policy. When the anticipated dry week finally came I called on him and was going to carry him at first assault.

"Why in the world, my dear fellow, didn't you come last week?" he said. "Day before yesterday an old friend of mine who has just gone into the business came along and yesterday I took out a $10,000 endowment."

The lesson was too full of chagrin for me to find any possible excuse for my tardiness. From that time forward I think I have never allowed an opportune time for beginning business to slip away if I could help it. Whenever I have thought of a certain man as a possible applicant for assurance I begin immediately to form a definite programme for obtaining his attention under auspicious conditions. A life-assurance solicitor soon becomes a believer in telepathy. If he finds himself drawn in thought strongly toward some man as a promising subject for a proposition, he usually finds that the same strong inclination of thought has occurred about the same time to a competitor. If he is first on the field he had better use every energy to close up the business without delay, for presently the man will begin to receive other proposals, and then follows a vexatious contest which will tax all his art and power.

As I gradually improved in skill of reasoning and in confidence of address, I found I was writing larger policies. From policies of $25,000 it was not a great step to a habit of getting policies of $50,000. I was now in Milwaukee, where my society had put me in charge of their business covering two States. Here I wrote my first $100,000 policy, and the story of how it was obtained may illustrate the combination of qualities which are required in any one who aspires to write assurance in the larger amounts.

Among the big lumber operators of the northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth $30,000,000 and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted

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with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for $75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard. I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W——, for $100,000. "It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction which for simplicity of effectiveness I have always kept as a model. It read:

"*Dear W:* This will introduce my friend Mr. ——, through whom I have just taken $75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. ——, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly and said, not unkindly:

"I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience I would like to make the subject of life assurance interesting to you."

"There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven; I am due at my office at seven. I will give you ten minutes."

"I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the next day. To his asseveration that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that after I had travelled so far to see him my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in giving me an uninterrupted chance to present the business.

"Very well," he said hastily. "Come at ten o'clock. Come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9:45 the next morning. Then I went to the lawyer whose office was next to Mr. W——'s and engaged his room at ten o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W——'s inner room.

"I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed over by those doctors."

"Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office I said:

"Before we part I want you to sign this application for $100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly does not want a man like you unless you heartily want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, accordingly, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction just opposite to Mr. W——. We exchanged greetings and fell into a pleasant conversation.

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he arose.

"To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

"Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car and we'll ride together."

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this even-

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ing I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not disquieted at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a check which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the check. In response to my congratulations he looked me in the eye and asked:

"How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

"In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw."

It is also true that the vocation of the life assurance agent has its seamy side. I should be neither candid nor wise if I seemed to convey the impression that the work of assuring people's lives has less of failure and pathos than the work of the lawyer or the clergyman or the general business man.

It has its own large proportion of misfits and of corresponding disappointments. It can show its multitude of men who eke out a bare living, and of those who fail to do even that. It presents its full ratio of lazy men, who reap the harvest of their incorrigible indolence. There is also, by the very reason of each man's liberty to use the hours of his day as he elects, a temptation to irregularity of business habit; and by natural sequence, in the various groups of agents you are likely to find certain dreamers who beguile themselves in their inaction to-day by programmes of brilliant performances to-morrow. Moreover, there still are in the ranks of solicitors a number of men who have taken up life assurance as a last resort, and who are therefore as ineffective here as they were where they came from.

Nevertheless, there is a continual sifting process, in every assurance society of high degree, whereby the clumsy and the indolent are being replaced by a finer race of men who are enamoured of their vocation, and who have adopted it not only because of the large financial success they can win in it, but also because of its essential benignance.

My own observation is that a man need not be a prodigy in order to be a very successful solicitor; but he must be a man of decision, action, energy; a husbander of his resources and a foe to waste. If he has graceful tact, so much the better; if he has an honesty of mind that will not let a man be misled to the smallest degree, far better still. But the foundation of large success as a solicitor is the ever-present will to make each day count, and if possible make some of them count for two. When I had charge of a certain Western agency, our office produced $20,000,000 of new business a year. Most of it was done by men who were steadfast and substantial in their habits of work rather than by merely brilliant men. My own personal share in that annual amount was $2,000,000, and I obtained it by keeping monotonously at a habit of devoting just one hour a day outside of my office duties to the work of soliciting.

It is in the everyday contests of the agent, in cases of moderate size, that the vast bulk of assurance is written. In each of these, also, there may be the same play of varied human interest that is displayed more conspicuously in cases involving great amounts. Frequently more tact, more argument, more patience is required to place a policy of $1,000 than one of $20,000, for the man who can take only a very small assurance is likely to have the stubbornness of timidity and suspicion as well as rudimentary business notions. On the other hand, the man of affairs who can carry an assurance of from $50,000 to $500,000, while he does not need the kindergarten arguments, usually does require a consummate skill of approach; he is a problem of magnitude to be studied, and solved if possible, before the subject is broached.

Therefore, because the situation is extraordinary, there is naturally a heightened romance in those interviews which result in placing a single policy of hundreds of thousands of dollars. For this reason it may be proper to tell in detail the story of how a man was persuaded in one interview, and in spite of his previous hostility, to take a monster policy of $400,000.

He was a wealthy Ohioan, and he was in bad humor with us because the settlement named in a maturing policy, insured to him twenty years before, did not fully equal the youthful anticipations which he and an incautious agent had figured out together. At the period when the policy

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was issued the experience of the actuaries was not sufficient for the official guarantees of cash values which are now written in every policy, and the contracts were properly cautious in their promises.

I knew the cause of the man's dissatisfaction, and when I learned he was in New York I sent one of my best agents to his hotel to endeavor to establish a cordial understanding; if he failed, he was to bring him to me. I was soon advised that the errand had been fruitless and that he would call upon me next day at eleven o'clock.

I was so confident that I could make him see that his dissatisfaction was entirely groundless that I resolved to go far beyond that effort and to try to issue to him before he left the office a new policy for an amount which his great wealth would fully justify. Accordingly I sent to the record room and learned the necessary facts regarding him; with these I made out a new application which was complete save for his signature, and this I placed under my desk-blotter. When the man came in the greetings were cordial, and as I knew something of his family I inquired about them individually. Gradually I could see his bellicose spirit wearing away, and bluntly I took up his cause of trouble.

"What interest," I asked, "were you getting twenty years ago?"

"Seven per cent."

"So were we. What do you get now?"

"Less than five," he replied.

"Do you expect us to get more than you can? Neither of us can make $1,000 go as far now as then, can we? But we could not foresee this enormous drop in interest and safeguard our representatives from talking as if those high rates would last forever. As a society we made at that time no specific promises of cash values; we only stated what cash settlements we were actually making at that date. If our agent calculated that general interest conditions were not going to change, and figured accordingly, you did the same. You wanted to believe in high interest rates as much as he.

"But now things have changed. Out of that seven per cent. interest we had to put away four per cent. for reserve, and that left three per cent. for profits. Now, if we are able to get four and one-half per cent. interest, we still have to put away four per cent. for reserve, which leaves us only one-half of one per cent. for profit. Is it strange there is a falling off from the old hopes? And were we not most wise in those earlier days not to make to you nor to anybody a definite promise of cash profits?"

"Mr. ——, if I had had somebody to talk to me like this years ago," he replied, "it would have saved long, hard feelings. Your statement is sensible and no business man can dispute it."

Thus, in amicable spirit, the settlement was indorsed by him, and I gave him a check in full. Then we chatted on for a quarter of an hour, chiefly about the iron industry, which was his business and in which I was on familiar ground. As he arose to go I said:

"Just one word more; will you give me ten minutes further?"

"Go ahead," he said, and sat down again.

Then I began to explain the working of a new continuous installment form of assurance. I told him I had just put one on my own life for $200,000, which would provide a definite income not only for my children, but for my grandchildren until they were twenty years old—a constant reminder of the foresight of father and grandfather. If there was feeling in my voice it was because I had it in my heart, and he began to respond to it with a similar emotion as I described to him what a chance he now had to provide a guaranteed annual income for his children and grandchildren out of the abundance of his present wealth. Finally I drew the application from beneath the blotter and handed it to him, while I dipped my pen and offered it for his use in signing the new paper.

His face turned gray. "Why, this is for $400,000," said he.

"That is just it, and it means that after you die your grandchildren will be drawing $8,000 a year—$2,000 each—and this will continue for fifty years after your death."

"I would like them to be able to do that," he said, his eyes still on the amount.

"Then sign your name." I dipped and offered the pen again. He took it, and read the application through once more.

"This is a good thing unquestionably, but I'm not prepared to undertake such an obligation without more thought."

"If it is a good thing," I answered, "you don't need any more thought. You can afford this perfectly. It is only a form of investment of your income. You will invest every year in something. But if you should

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live twenty years more could you invest in anything which would give to your children and grandchildren such a provision absolutely guaranteed? And if you should die to-morrow they would get it just the same. You had better sign that paper to-day," and I dipped the pen a third time.

He took it, then laid it down, saying as he looked out of the window abstractedly: "I'll think this over."

"If you do," I returned, "you may lose this chance. You will not think it over. You will only dilly-dally and not think at all. You will find this generous interest which you feel now in your children's children fade away, and you will put your yearly investment in something tangible as you call it, which may be fairly successful as far as it goes, or it may not; but you won't ever again bring yourself to the point of doing the most disinterested and far-sighted act of your life. It is certain you will lose your spirit to do this unless you seize this opportunity and sign that application now."

He signed his name. I had a binding receipt ready.

"There is a receipt in lieu of the policy which will bind the society in case of your death until the actual policy is issued. You give me your check and I will give you this binding receipt."

He drew his check decisively, placed the binding receipt in his pocket-book, went down with me to the medical examiners' room, passed a good physical examination, and as I offered him my felicitation I glanced at the clock and realized that the largest operation of my life had been completely effected in less than one hour.

If my choice of life assurance as a career has seemed in the long run to be justified by pleasing results, I must put first in the accounting for it my most profound belief in life assurance as a human principle. It is my increasing conviction that for winning the higher successes in this business it is necessary for any agent first of all to be stirred by the essential nobility of the thing of which he would persuade men. That present, the rest is limited only by his ability and energy.

If a young man wants only a bare living it does not make much difference what respectable calling he selects. But if he is really ambitious and ye' has no capital for a start, and if he is able to be sincerely inspired himself with that which he presents to others, the opportunity afforded him by life assurance to attain any height warranted by his capacity and effort certainly surpasses that offered by any other department of business.

WORK WITH THE HANDS*

The Moral Value of Manual Training and Labor—A New Educational Epoch —An Autobiographical Example.

NUMBER FIVE

By Booker T. Washington.

Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.
Author of "Up from Slavery," "Character Building" and "Future of the American Negro."

THE system which we decided upon at Tuskegee gave us two classes of students: the day students, who worked with their hands two days out of four; and the night students, who, for the first year, worked all day with their hands and studied in the classroom at night. Of course the student who worked ten hours each day was paid more than the one who labored only two days in the week. The night-school students were not only able to earn their board, but something in addition. The surplus was applied toward paying their expenses in the regular day-school after they had remained in the night-school one or two years, as they might elect.

The night-school, besides furnishing other opportunities, gave the chance for the student to get a start in his books and also a start in some trade or industry. With

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this beginning I have seldom seen a student who was worth much fail to get through the regular course.

The night-school had not been in session many weeks before several facts began to make themselves prominent. The first was the economic value of the work of the night students. It was soon made plain that these students could perform much labor for which we should otherwise have had to pay out cash to persons not connected in any way with the institution. It is true that the work at first was crude, but it should be remembered that in the earlier years the whole school was crude. All work in laying the foundation for a race is crude. Some one has sensibly said that one generation clears the forests and the next builds the palaces.

The economic value of hand-work at the Tuskegee Institute can be illustrated in no better way than by noting the construction of our buildings. When a friend has given us twenty-five thousand dollars for a building, instead of having the building constructed by an outside contractor we have had the students produce the material and do the work as far as possible, and through this method a large proportion of the gift for the building has passed into the hands of the students, to be used in securing their education. In addition to the twenty-five thousand dollars enabling a large number of students to get an education, the school receives the building for permanent use. What I have said of the economic value of the work of the students in connection with buildings has proved equally true at the Tuskegee Institute in relation to agricultural work and other forms of labor.

I have been asked a good many times about the progress of the students in the night-school as compared with those in the day-school. In reality there is little difference. While as a matter of course a student who studies two hours at night and works with his hands ten hours during the day covers of necessity less space in the text-books than the day student, yet in all real, sound growth and making manhood I question whether the day student has much advantage over the student in the night-school. There is an almost indescribable something about work with the hands that tends to develop a student's mind. The night-school students take up their studies with a degree of enthusiasm and alertness that is not equalled in the day classes. I have known cases where a student seemed so dull or stupid that he made practically no progress in the mere study of books. The same individual would be taken away from books entirely for a few months and put to work with his hands at a trade, and then again at the end of a few months would be returned to the study of books. In that case it has been surprising to note how much more easily he could master the text-books than before. There is something, I think, in the handling of a tool that has the same relation to close, accurate thinking that the writing with a pen has in connection with the preparation of a manuscript. Practically all persons who write much will agree, I think, that one can produce much more satisfactory work by using the pen than through dictation.

While speaking of the effect of careful hand-training on the development of the mind and character in general, I want to mention an example that I consider very instructive. If any one will go into a community North or South and ask to have pointed out to him the man of the Negro race belonging to the old generation who stands for the best things in the life of the colored community, in six cases out of ten I venture to say that the inquirer will have pointed out to him a man who had learned a trade during the days of slavery. A few years ago James Hale, a Negro, died in Montgomery, Alabama. He spent the greater part of his life as a slave. When he died he left property valued at fifty thousand dollars. He also left a generous sum to be used in providing for an infirmary for the benefit of his race. James Hale could not read or write a line, yet I do not believe that there is a white or black man in Montgomery who knew Mr. Hale who will not agree with me in saying that he was the first colored citizen of Montgomery. I have seldom met a man of any race who surpassed him. When Mr. Hale was a slave his master took great pains to have him well trained as a carpenter, contractor and builder. His master saw that the better the slave was trained in hand-work the more dollars he was worth. In my opinion, it was this hand-training, despite the evil of slavery, that largely resulted in Hale's fine development. If Mr. Hale was all this with mere hand-training, what might he have been if his mind had also been carefully educated?

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Mr. Hale was simply a type of many that can be found in nearly every part of the country.

The average manual-training school has for its main object the matter of imparting culture to the student; and the economic element is made secondary. At the Tuskegee Institute we have always emphasized the trade or economic side of education, while not undervaluing the element of culture or dexterity in the handling of tools. With any ignorant and poverty-stricken race, I believe that the problem of bread should precede mere culture. For this reason the students who have attended the night-school at Tuskegee have, as a rule, mastered the principles and practice of agriculture, or have been taught a trade by means of which we felt sure that they could earn a living. With the question of shelter, food and clothing settled, there is a basis for what are considered the higher and more important things. At the Tuskegee Institute, for the reasons mentioned, we have emphasized the trade side of education rather than the manual-training.

While in following this method something is perhaps lost so far as securing that accuracy and finish which could be obtained if a course in manual-training preceded the industrial course, still at the same time the mere fact that the student is taught to build a real house, and not a playhouse, or to merely learn the principles of housebuilding, gives to him a confidence and self-reliance in his ability to make a living that manual-training alone could not give. The boy in the condition of the average Negro boy leaving school with manual-training alone, finds himself but little better off than he was before, so far as the immediate and pressing problem of how to earn a living is concerned. He and those dependent upon him want at once food, shelter, clothing and the opportunity to live properly in a home. Industrial education takes into consideration the economic element in production in a way that manual-training does not, and in a way that is of great value to a race just beginning its caree .

While I am speaking of the comparative value of manual-training and industrial education, there is one other difference to which I ought to call attention. The proportion of students who complete an industrial or trade course is likely to be smaller than the proportion completing a literary or manual-training course. For example, a boy comes to Tuskegee Institute, as is often true, from a district where he has been earning say fifty cents a day. At Tuskegee he works at the brick-mason's trade for nine months. He cannot master the trade during this time, but he gets a start in it. At the end of the nine-months' session, if he returns home, this student finds himself in demand in the community at wages which range from one dollar and a half to two dollars a day. Unless he is a man of extraordinarily strong character he will be likely to yield to the temptation to remain at home and become a rather commonplace mason, instead of returning and finishing his trade in order that he may become a master workman.

Another question that I am often asked is, how long it will take an industrial school to become self-supporting. To this question I always reply that I know of no industrial school that is self-supporting, nor do I believe that any school which performs its highest functions as an industrial school ever will become so. I believe that it is the duty of all such schools to make the most of the economic element—to make each industry pay in dollars and cents just as far as it is possible; but the element of teaching should be made the first consideration, and the element of production secondary to it. Very often at the Tuskegee Institute it would pay the institution better to keep a boy away from the farm than to have him spend a day at work upon it; but the farm is for the boy, and not the boy for the farm.

An industrial school is continually at work on raw material. When a student gets to the point where he can build a first-class wagon or buggy he is not retained at the school to build these vehicles merely for their economic value, but is sent out into the world to begin his life-work; and another student is taken in his place to begin the work afresh. The cost of teaching the new student, with the waste of material, weighs heavily against the cost of production. Hence it can easily be seen that it is an almost impossible task to make money out of an industrial school, or to make it self-supporting. The minute the paying idea is placed uppermost the institution becomes a factory, and not a school for training head and hand and heart.

(To be continued.)

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